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ART. I.—LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR.
CHALMERS.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vols. I. & II. 1849, 1850.

WE had not intended to notice the life and character of this remarkable man until his biography was completed. It appears, however, that life is short, and art is long. Two volumes have appeared, the second more than a year after the first, and we are brought only to his forty-third year. There remains behind the most memorable part of his career, in which the biographer, who has taken the infection of his father-in-law's style and characteristic phrases, will delight to "expatiate," overlaying it with profuse quotations from published and unpublished writings,—the two professorships at St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and the mighty battle of the Free Church. Lest through long delay some staleness should creep over the subject, we are compelled to forego the gratification of presenting an entire view of Dr. Chalmers' Life, and to make such use as we can of the materials at our command. This will tend to confine us to the narrative, and oblige us to postpone moral criticism and general estimates, for we cannot fully understand the beginnings of life, the developments of character, until we see their end. It is far more true that no man can be understood before his death, than that no

man should be pronounced happy before his death. We might, indeed, attempt to supply what the biographer has left unrecorded of Dr. Chalmers' life, from his own writings and from the journals of the period, but we prefer to wait for the fuller information, with its more personal colouring, which Dr. Hanna alone can supply.

Thomas Chalmers, born March 17, 1780, in Anstruther, in the county of Fife, was the sixth child in a family of fourteen. His father, John Chalmers, a pious and worthy man, though apparently with some peculiarities that formed part of the probation of his quicker and more impetuous son, is described as a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant, in that seaport. We suspect from some occasional mention of the back-shop, and other such symptoms, that these general designations do not convey very distinct information of the first scenes of the child's experience. We regret this, for such knowledge is always deeply valuable; and that the father, whatever might be his surroundings, was a man to be honoured for his rare union of piety, wisdom, and tenderness, one letter to an erring son* is sufficient to display. As one of the symptoms we refer to, it is said that neither parent had time to give him even ordinary care, the consequence of which was the almost complete abandonment of the child, though under its parents' roof, to a ruffian nurse whose cruelty and deceitfulness he used to describe with fresh torrents of indignation in his very latest days, and to escape from whose brutalities he was sent to school, on his own earnest petition, at the tender age of *three* years. This seems incredible, for infant schools did not exist in Scotland or elsewhere in 1783; and the poor child is represented as having only made the doubtful exchange of an inhuman nurse for a diabolical parish schoolmaster, a blind savage who nursed his self-importance, and avenged his insignificance, and consoled his despised sufferings, by despotic tyranny and self will exercised on helpless children. It was a miracle, a miracle wrought perhaps by the drop of parental love, some weekly moments of tenderness, in the midst of all this poison, that the child was not utterly ruined: and God must make human nature very good, the child's heart very nigh to the Kingdom of Heaven, to withstand such treatment, so

* Vol. I. p. 35.

often as it does, and come out of it true, pure, and loving. In this school he remained till his twelfth year, with as little gain either of knowledge or of intellectual training as was possible, but establishing for himself the undisputed reputation of the idlest, strongest, merriest, most generous-hearted, and withal the cleverest, boy in Anstruther. Before this time he had long fixed his destination in life. Perhaps the clerical profession more than any other takes at an early age its votaries or its victims, as the only one that has the opportunity of impressing the imagination of childhood. It shows how deep is nature's imprint that young Chalmers, whose latest power lay very much in sounding and flowing sentences, when missed one evening at the age of three, was found pacing his nursery in the dark, in a fever of excitement, pouring out the words, "O my son Absolom! O Absolom, my son, my son!" The ordinary story is told of his preaching from a chair to an infant auditor, but his favourite text, on which he had already made up his mind to preach his first sermon, was unusually mild for such precocious ardour,—*"Let brotherly love continue."*

Not yet twelve years old, and not yet having learned to spell, he was enrolled a student in the United College of St. Andrew's. One of his contemporaries who had entered College at a still earlier age was John Campbell, the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. At that period the Colleges of Scotland supplied the place of upper schools to their youngest students: an evil that remains but partially unabated to this day. St. Andrew's was not without an accomplished scholar and teacher in Dr. John Hunter, but the boy had not enough of the rudiments of Latin to profit by his instructions. We doubt whether the wanting knowledge was ever very liberally supplied. Many years after he became a minister we find him making some preparations to enable him to read the New Testament in Greek. The first two years of his college course were largely occupied, as was not improper at his age, with "golf, football, and particularly handball, in which latter he was remarkably expert, owing to his being left-handed." In the third year of his course he had his intellectual birth-time under the fascination of mathematics, to the study of which, and of the natural sciences generally, he

always continued to exhibit a strong bias. He was fortunate in an eminent teacher, Dr. James Brown, in whose rooms he enjoyed the excitement of occasional intercourse with Sir John Leslie, and Mr. James Mylne, afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow. Young Chalmers, through some revulsion of taste and animal spirits from the narrow Toryism and severe Calvinism of the domestic minds at Anstruther, delivered himself up for a time to the liberal tendencies in Religion and Politics of these eminent men, though he never fully understood their principles.

In his fifteenth year he was enrolled a student in Divinity Hall, though as yet he was far enough from being a student of Divinity. Dr. Hill, the Professor, whose Lectures on Theology are now a text book in Scottish Colleges, smitten with some sense of the natural repulsiveness of Calvinism, and hence led to some doctrine of Reserve, had cautioned his young divines against bringing it too broadly forward in the Pulpit. This was far more repulsive to the ingenuous boy than Calvinism. "If it be truth, why not be aboveboard with it?" He seems ever after to have treated what fell from Dr. Hill as so much idle air,—in Mr. Carlyle's pet phraseology to have looked on the Professor as a windbag. And when asked why it was that in his class-room his thoughts were always occupied with something else, he replied, that he questioned the sincerity of the Lecturer. This is note-worthy of a lad of fifteen. We may well suppose that there was some inward fountain of inspiration that sustained him in this independence, and led to his involuntary rejection of whatever seemed formal and hollow. "I remember," he says, "when a student of divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation."—The peculiar eloquence which won his renown, and which was inflated and juvenile to his latest day, displayed itself very early. It was the custom at St. Andrew's for the more pious of the townspeople to attend the daily prayers in the Divinity Hall conducted by the Theological Students,

and Chalmers' turn to pray, though only a youth of sixteen, always produced a full hall, and the prayers as described were high-wrought rhetorical declamations on the works of God, and the miseries of society, and the horrors of the French war. He is perhaps the only instance of a man of real eminence who, in the maturity of his mind, found it possible to use the compositions of his boyhood. Dr. Hanna tells of him, that in his sixty-second year, "Dr. Chalmers met in solemn convocation with upwards of 400 of the Evangelical ministers of the Church of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh to deliberate in prospect of the Disruption; and when, standing in the midst of them, the veteran leader of that noble band sought to stir up all around him to an enthusiasm equal to the great occasion which they were about to face, he took up the very words of an old College exercise, and no passage he ever wrote was uttered with more fervid energy or a more overwhelming effect." This is really a remarkable anecdote; but it gives an air of unreality to the whole scene. Here is the objectless effusion of his youth, which Dr. Chalmers used as if it had just been struck out into life and utterance by the excitements and responsibilities of a great occasion:—

"How different the langour and degeneracy of the present age from that ardour which animated the exertions of the primitive Christians in the cause of their religion. That religion had then all the impressive effect of novelty. The evidences which supported its divine origin were still open to observation. The Miracles of Christianity proclaimed it to be a religion that was supported by the arm of omnipotence. The violence of a persecuting hostility only served to inflame their attachment to the truth, and to farouse the intrepidity of their characters. Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely produced in a state of calm and unruffled repose. It flourishes in adversity. It kindles in the hour of danger, and rises to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to awaken the energy of its purposes. It swells in the pride of integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amid a host of enemies. The magnanimity of the primitive Christians is beyond example in history. It could withstand the ruin of interests, the desertion of friends, the triumphant joy of enemies, the storms of popular indignation, the fury of a vindictive priesthood, the torments of martyrdom. The faith of immortality emboldened their profession of the gospel, and armed them with contempt of death. The torrent of opposition they had

to encounter in asserting the religion of Jesus, was far from repressing their activity in his service. They maintained his cause with sincerity—they propagated it with zeal—they devoted their time and their fortune to its diffusion. Amid all their discouragements they were sustained by the assurance of a heavenly crown. The love of their Redeemer consecrated their affections to his service, and enthroned in their hearts a pure and disinterested enthusiasm. Hence the rapid and successful extension of Christianity through the civilized world. The grace of God was with them. It blasted all the attempts of opposition. It invigorated the constancy of their purposes. It armed them with fortitude amid the terrors of persecution, and carried them triumphant through the proud career of victory and success."—Vol. I. p. 24.

From College, in his eighteenth year, Chalmers went to be private tutor to ten children in a family where from unbecoming treatment, and his own high temper, he found a most uncomfortable residence. He quarrelled with the ladies, because he would not spare and injuriously indulge his elder pupils. He quarrelled with the master, because he would not submit to be treated as a menial, to keep in his own room when visitors were expected, and hold his tongue in company. He quarrelled with the servants, because they were inoculated with the insolence of their employers. The natural man was evidently very strong in him at this period, and he was far enough from being meek and chastened in a wise dignity, but the arrogance that wounded and provoked him was far more unjustifiable than the proud spirit of the youth. "Sir," said his employer, "you have too much pride." "There are two kinds of pride," was the reply; "there is that pride which lords it over inferiors, and there is that pride which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors. The first I have none of—the second I glory in." Such scenes could have but one termination, and Chalmers, at the age of nineteen, now licensed as a preacher, the objection of his youth being overcome by the consideration, that he was "a lad o' pregnant pairs," betook himself from the ungenial tutorship, after a brief interval at Edinburgh, where he studied under Playfair, Hope, Stewart, and Robinson, to the more dignified offices of Assistant Minister at Cavers, and Assistant Mathematical Professor at St. Andrew's. He devoted himself to his

Professorship with an enthusiasm which he did not feel for his Ministry. He taught Mathematics with the ardour of a poet, and lectured upon it in such an imaginative and declamatory style, that the old School of instructors, summarily and unjustly, concluded that all close and scientific teaching must necessarily be neglected. We cannot wonder, indeed, at Mathematicians, whose conventional instruments of instruction never exceeded black boards and white chalk, taking fright at a youthful professor addressing his class in this style:—"Newton, we invoke thy genius! May it preside over our labours, and animate to the arduous ascent of philosophy. May it revive the drooping interests of science, and awaken the flame of enthusiasm in the hearts of a degenerate people. May it teach us that science without virtue is an empty parade, and that that philosophy deserves to be extinguished which glances contempt on the sacred majesty of religion." The eloquent Mathematician carried with him the young students, but disgusted his more sober colleagues. The superannuated professor, whose assistant he was, expressed his scruples; and Chalmers, we fear, fired up on the score of his independence, and lost his dignity. He made an appeal to the students, reproved and reproached his principal before the whole College, and was dismissed. He was not a man to sit passive under such an affront. Although only just presented to the living of Kilmany, by the College of St. Andrew's, in whose gift it was, he resolved under the provocation of his injuries to open rival Mathematical Classes the next Session, at St. Andrew's. Kilmany was but nine miles distant, and Chalmers, who at this time had no idea that any intellectual man could be engrossed with the duties of a Clergyman, thought St. Andrew's, as a winter residence, quite near enough to his village charge. He succeeded, to a considerable extent, in attracting the University Students, but the very questionable spirit of the whole proceeding peeps out in the Introductory Lecture, which must have been curiously unacademical.

"I feel not that science has deserted me, though I breathe not the air which ventilates the halls of St. Salvator.—I have only to lift my eyes and behold the students of a former Session. With

them I was wont to indulge in all the intimacies of friendship. A summer spent in the labours of my profession has not effaced them from my memory. I will say more: it has not effaced them from my affections. I bless the remembrance of that day when they first attempted the high career of science. It was to me a day of triumph. It is from that day I date the first rising of my literary ambition—an ambition which can only expire with the decay of my intellectual faculties. My appearance in this place may be ascribed to the worst of passions; some may be disposed to ascribe it to the violence of a revengeful temper—some to stigmatize me as a firebrand of turbulence and mischief. These motives I disclaim. I disclaim them with the pride of an indignant heart which feels its integrity. My only motive is, to restore that academical reputation which I conceive to have been violated by the aspersions of envy. It is this which has driven me from the peaceful silence of the country—which has forced me to exchange my domestic retirement for the whirl of contention."

Unseemly disputes grew out of this state of things. The University was braved, and attempted to coerce the students. One of the professors alleged that Chalmers had broken faith with him, inasmuch as he had given him his vote for Kilmany, on the express condition that he was not to continue to teach in St. Andrew's. Chalmers wrote to contradict the charge, and receiving no reply, met the professor in the streets, and summoning witnesses, pronounced him the author of a false and impudent calumny. He then extends his warfare, and adds Chemistry to Mathematics. With three classes of mathematics, with his lectures on Chemistry, in which he seems to have combined great industry with his usual eloquence, and with the pulpit of Kilmany, all upon his hands together, he writes thus buoyantly to his father:—"I am living just now the life I seem to be formed for—a life of constant and unremitting activity. Deprive me of employment, and you condemn me to a life of misery and disgust."

A contest of so singular a character, maintained with great spirit, and exhibiting so much of the fertility and self-reliance of genius, could not be witnessed without attracting zealous favourers, and conciliating many who could not altogether approve; and it speaks well for all concerned that an enterprize originating in hurt feeling, was carried on so chivalrously, that even enemies were

won over to interest and admiration, and the very professor who was the most likely to be injured, was among the first to do justice to the impetuous purity of his rival. Chalmers seems at all times of his life to have been extremely sensitive to anything like personal offence, and to have been absolutely uncomfortable and incapable of repose, until he had done something to rebuke it. This breaks out on the slightest occasions in very amusing forms. We shall cite two instances, which are also not bad specimens of his picturesqueness of style, which always consisted more in a happy selection of lively and graphic words, especially in moral descriptions, than in any direct exercise of imagination. He travels to London and meets an Exclusive in the coach:—

“Found in the coach from Carlisle this morning, a lady and gentleman from Carlisle. The former disposed to be frank and communicative, but apparently under some controul from the gentleman, who had probably prepared her to expect a very vulgar company. He had the tone and the confidence of polished life, but I never in my life witnessed such a want of cordiality, such a cold and repulsive deportment, such a stingy and supercilious air, and so much of that confounded spirit too prevalent among the bucks and fine gentlemen of the age. They give no room to the movements of any kindly or natural impulse, but hedge themselves round by sneers, and attempt to awe you into diffidence by a display of their knowledge in the polite world. Give intrepidity to weather them out. I sustained my confidence. *I upheld the timidity of the company*, and had the satisfaction of reducing him at last to civility and complaisance.”

In this same visit to London, he meets a lady whose repressive stiffness and coldness are thus hit off:—

“By the way, I have no patience for Mrs. ———; not a particle of cordiality about her; cold, formal, and repulsive; a perfect stranger to the essence of politeness, with a most provoking pretension to its exterior; a being *who carries in her very eye a hampering and restraining criticism*; who sets herself forward as a pattern of correct manners—while she spreads pain, restraint, and misery around her; whose example I abominate, and whose society I must shun, as it would blast all the joy and independence of London.”

Indeed at this early period of his life his sensitiveness

to supposed insult amounted to a kind of possession, and any attempt to restrain him from the vindication of his wounded honour threw him into fits of wildness. Some members of his Presbytery thought his mathematical engagements at St. Andrew's incompatible with his clerical duties at Kilmany, and his pleading before the Presbytery is nothing short of raving, and very juvenile raving too:—

“Unfortunate misunderstandings arose, which it is neither for you to hear nor for me at present to explain. I shall only say that I was deserted both by my employer and the University, and my career as the Mathematical assistant was at last closed by the ignominy of a dismissal from my employment. I was now disposed of. I was consigned to the obscurity of the country. I was compelled to retire in disgrace, and leave the field to my exulting enemies. They had gained their object—a name expunged from the list of competition—no further disturbance from interlopers—no literary upstart to emulate their delicious repose, or to outstrip them in public esteem—no ambitious intruder to dispel our golden dreams of preferment, or to riot along with us in the rich harvest of benefices. I have few friends—no patronage to help me forward in the career of an honourable ambition. All that I had to trust in was my academic reputation and the confidence of an enlightened public. But where is the enlightened public *to which a slandered mathematician may appeal?* There is no more such an enlightened public in St. Andrew's than there is in the interior of Africa.—I know nothing from which religion has suffered so severely as from the disgrace of its teachers. Compel me to retire from my classes, and you give a blow to the religious interests of my parish which all the punctualities of discipline will never restore. You render me the laughing-stock of the country; you cover me with infamy; you render me the object of public contempt and public execration. Compel me to retire, and I shall be fallen indeed. I would feel myself blighted in the eyes of all my acquaintances. I would never more lift up my face in society. I would bury myself in the oblivion of shame and solitude. I would hide me from the world. I would be overpowered by the feeling of my own disgrace. The torments of self-reflection would pursue me; they would haunt my dreams; they would lay me on a bed of torture; they would condemn me to a life of restless and never-ceasing anxiety. Death would be to me the most welcome of all messengers. It would cut short the remainder of my ignominious days. It would lay me in the grave's peaceful retreat. It would withdraw me from the agitations of a life that has been persecuted by the injustice of

enemies, and still more distracted by the treachery of violated friendship."—Vol. I. p. 85.

On another occasion he thus speaks before the Presbytery, of the brother clergyman who brought forward the motion against him:—

"I will defy him to find a single individual who will say that I have been outstripped by any of my predecessors in the regularity of my ministerial attentions, or who will say that he has discovered anything in my conduct which betokened a contempt for religion or indifference to its sacred interests. What more will the gentleman require of me? Has he any right to control me in the distribution of my spare time? I maintain he has none. I spurn at the attempt as I would at the petty insolence of a tyrant; I reject it as the interference of an officious intermeddler. To the last sigh of my heart I will struggle for independence, and eye with proud disdain the man who presumes to invade it."

Yet the man who could rant in this vein against compulsion, concedes of his own accord all that was required, confines himself in the second year to the chemical lecture-ship, which we suppose was not in competition with a University class, and then quietly retires to the duties of his parish. It was some time however before he wore off the ambition of being a teacher of Science. He was successively a candidate for the Professorship of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrew's, and of Mathematics at Edinburgh. His first publication originated in the competition for the Mathematical Chair at Edinburgh. Professor Playfair had stated that the successful pursuit of science was inconsistent with clerical duties and habits, and Chalmers put forth anonymously a vehement reply, in which he says "the author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." This shows his indiscretion, and his slight estimate, at the time, of the preacher's and the pastor's office. A time came when he found every moment he could command but too little to satisfy his own feelings of their duties,

and when he sought in shame and sorrow to suppress this rash publication.

His next publication, which followed shortly after, and before the spiritual absorption of his mind began, was on the Stability of National Resources. Bonaparte had issued his Berlin Decree closing the ports of the Continent against British vessels, and Chalmers undertook to demonstrate, "that the whole loss which the country should suffer, even if the measures of Bonaparte were to succeed, would be the loss of those luxuries which foreign trade supplied—not any diminution of that general fund out of which these luxuries were paid for, and by which all our manufactures were upheld; and, if that fund remained entire, then, with less to do in ministering to personal enjoyment, it would have more than ever to offer to Government for the upholding of national independence." He forgot that without the stimulus of foreign trade the articles of home manufacture, that pay for these luxuries, would not be brought into existence, or, if brought into existence, would not be the articles that were wanted, and would find no purchasers.

Dr. Chalmers' early theology was orthodox but moderate. He preached an Atonement, but declared that its necessity as a reparation of violated justice must be rejected by all free and rational inquirers. His first preaching seems to have been exclusively moral, and though he held the peculiar doctrines of his Church they had no very strong hold upon him. A long and severe illness, which threw him out of the pulpit for nearly a twelvemonth, wrought a complete change, not in his opinions, but in his spiritual state, habits, and complexion. It filled him with a vivid and abiding sense of human mortality. It opened to him this life in the sight of eternity. It gave him trembling earnestness, and a new appreciation of the responsibilities of one whose office it is, to harmonize and reconcile the temporal and spiritual aspects of existence. He came forth from the shadow of death with the feeling that all that was not immortal was unreal, and that all actions were positively sinful that were not directly animated by the love of God. Henceforth original sin became identified in his eyes with forgetfulness of God. To establish innate corruption, he held it enough to say, "God is not in

all your thoughts." Henceforth human imperfection, inability to compass an ideal, and reach a perfect standard, became identified in his eyes with a salvation conferred through the imputation of Christ's righteousness. A deeper thirst after holiness led him to a deeper consciousness of human weakness, and the fear that man who could not satisfy himself could not satisfy God, found relief in a vivid realizing of the faith that he had always nominally held, that he had not to work out a salvation for himself but only to accept that which was already wrought out for him by the Saviour of Men. And if Trust in God's love and grace as we know it through the manifestation of the Father in the Son, be but substituted for Trust in Christ's merits, this doctrine of Salvation is essentially true. No man can reach a perfect standard; no man can save himself by a Law of Holiness; nor is there any standard nor any Law so unchanging that it will not rise into new loftiness as a man spiritually ascends. Yet a man who cannot satisfy himself may be satisfying God. God's children can never reach their limit, in this world nor in any world, yet God at each moment may bless their aspiration, and approve their struggle, and mercifully distinguish between failure of strength and disloyalty of Will. To rest on God in love and humility, and aspire upwards even when we feel ourselves sinking, and to feel that without cleaving continually to Him and receiving at every moment His forgiveness and His aid, so far from having power to climb the upper heights of Heaven we could not escape the abyss even of the sins we hate,—this is essentially what Chalmers meant by accepting a Salvation that is wrought for us; and the very same spiritual necessities and conditions which he satisfies by the doctrinal expression of Atonement and imputed Righteousness, we satisfy by the truly filial relations of the Soul to a holy and a loving God, as established and illustrated by Christ. His biographer apparently dates his conversion from this illness. We too would date from it his new birth, his spiritual vitality, an infusion of holy earnestness and reality into all his thoughts, views, and purposes, but we see no sign of any changes of opinion but such as necessarily flowed out of his new hunger and thirst after righteousness. New born from the dead he was: he was now in earnest what before he was only nominally,

constitutionally, or perfunctorily,—without, at least, the entire consecration and devotion of his being. This change in the fervours of his spirit necessarily gave a different complexion and significance to the very same doctrines which before he had conventionally held.

From this time, now in his thirtieth year, his absorbing interest is the cause of religion, and the spiritual benefit of mankind. Shortly after his restoration to his pulpit we have an entry in his Journal in which, as in God's presence, he abandons all other ambitions. Yet it is curious to remark his lingering hold upon such science as he can legitimately bring into the service of his profession.

“Have conceived the idea of abandoning severe mathematics, and expending my strength upon theological studies. Eminence in two departments is scarcely attainable. Let me give my main efforts to religion, and fill up my evenings with miscellaneous literature. The sacrifice is painful, but I must not harass and enfeeble my mind with too much anxiety; and let me leave myself entire for all those discussions which are connected with the defence of Christianity, the exposition of its views, and the maintenance of its interests as affected by the politics or philosophy of the times. The business of our Courts and the dignity of our Establishment will of course afford a most animating subject for the joint exercise of speculation and activity.—O my God, prosper me in all my laudable undertakings, and let Thy glory and the good of mankind be the uttermost concern of my heart. Political economy touches upon religious establishments, and a successful or original speculation in this department may throw an *éclat* over my ecclesiastical labours.”

We have an amusing illustration of the change that now took place in his views of ministerial faithfulness and labour. There was an old parishioner, John Bonthron, who took liberties, and spoke plainly, and sorely tried the temper of his sensitive and intellectual pastor by dulness and misunderstanding, and tiresome visitations.

“‘I find you aye busy, Sir,’ said John, ‘with one thing or another, but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath.’ ‘Oh, an hour or two on the Saturday evening is quite enough for that,’ was the minister’s answer. But now the change had come, and John, on entering the manse, often found Mr. Chalmers poring eagerly over the pages of the Bible. The difference was too striking to escape notice, and with the freedom given him, which he was ready enough to use, he said, ‘I never come in now,

Sir, but I find you aye at your Bible,' 'All too little, John, all too little,' was the significant reply."—Vol. I. p. 262.

Now commenced the season of his popularity; for now for the first time he preached like a man who felt the supremacy of spiritual interests, and who found exercise within his profession for the highest gifts of his nature. He thenceforth lived amongst his people, visiting the sick, lecturing and examining at stated times, from house to house, and exercising a large and genial hospitality. His preaching became what it remained ever after, vehement, passionate, full of the glowing reiterations of unexhausted and inexhaustible moral interest; and the people flocked as they will always flock when seriousness, ardour, and genius meet in the same man. The church heretofore deserted became thronged, and to hear Chalmers became a great spiritual excitement to distant visitors.

There are some interesting notices during this period of his domestic relations at Kilmany. One of his sisters lived with him up to the time of her marriage, which was soon followed by his own. His house was always open to any members of his family whom he could serve, educate, or nurse, and it would appear that he had taken upon him the charge of one or two of his younger brothers. Yet there were manifest troubles connected with his housekeeping. His parishioners, and not unfrequently his visitors, were rude in their manners, and Scotch in their drinking habits, and sometimes he found it impossible to restrain intemperance without doing violence to his genial feelings as a host. These things were at all times a bitter shame and distress to him, and as his character acquired weight and grandeur no such licence was dreamed of in his presence. He was also clearly liable to the irritabilities and nervous distresses of an intellectual man, whose mind, quick and rapid in all its own operations, is readily fretted by insensibility and dulness. He could not, without sore pain, go in daily harness with slow and obtuse, or with common-place and small-minded people. These points are lightly touched, but he was much tried by what he calls the offensive peculiarities of some of his relations. His impatience under the trial, or his want of a perfect Christian gentleness and dignity, are recorded in his Journal

with much penitence and prayer. We have no doubt that he tried himself in such duties by a very high standard, and that not only his conscientiousness, but his habit of energetic expression, the wonderful force of his language, will convey an exaggerated idea of his infirmity to many who are without his consciousness of sinning in this direction, only because they are without his sensibility to sin. Most of us have felt the burden of precious and pledged time swept away by an unexpected visitor on the endless waves of unmeaning talk, but few of us would record our feelings with the same tremendous judgment on the impatience of our regrets. John Bonthron must have been a sad bore. On one occasion Chalmers had kindly invited him to supper, "and told him with emphasis that they supped at nine." The man came *at eight* the night *after*, and the record is: "All forbearance and civility left me, and with my prayers I mixed the darkness of that heart that hateth its brother. This is most truly lamentable, and reveals to me the exceeding nakedness of my heart. All my works gone through with cheerfulness, because there is nothing in them to thwart a natural feeling, or a constitutional tendency, can never be received as evidence of good, while self-denial is so little practised,—while duty is shrunk from the moment it becomes painful,—while gentleness is unfelt, and with my profession of faith that God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven me all, I in fact can forgive nothing, and suffer the most trifling incidents of life to hurry me away from all principle and from all charity. Oh, why was not this present to me at the time of offence?"—He was so keenly alive to his constitutional inability to bear meekly the irksome peculiarities of inmates, that at one time he made a resolution against marriage, lest some unforeseen annoyance should betray itself. The contrast in peace, energetic industry, and sweetness of feelings, between the days on which he was fretted by the irritations of domestic unsuitableness and his days of solitude, seemed to mark out single life as his bounden duty, and he even records the resolution of never hampering himself again with a regular housekeeper from his own family, if, without any breach of affection and true kindness on his part, fortune should ever set him free from the arrangements of that kind which were then in

existence. We must give one illustration of what he calls his "peculiar warfare," though rather at Anstruther than Kilmany, and it is also no bad example of the pomp and magniloquence of his style even on ordinary occasions, and the effect and energy of his cumulative moral descriptiveness.

"I think I am behaving well. I can scarcely force myself to talk when I am inclined to be silent, but I may at least ward off the assaults of anger. Now, this I have done; and while the Ehs? and the Whats? reciprocate in full play across the table, and explanations darken rather than clear up the subject, and entanglements of sense thicken and multiply on every side of me, and Aunt Jean tries to help out the matter by the uptakings of her quick and confident discernment, and confusion worse confounded is the upshot of one and all of her interferences—why, even then, I know that it is my duty, and I shall strive to make it my practice, to stand serene amid this war of significations and of cross-purposes, and gently to assist the infirmities which I may be soon called to share in."—Vol. I. p. 228.

His affection for the sister who habitually lived with him appears, notwithstanding the spectres which then frightened him from domestic thoughts, to have been strong and satisfying, and out of his close friendship with this beloved sister we have a grudge against the biographer. When she married and went to live in England, Chalmers commenced a correspondence with her which "descended to the humblest local intelligence, the minutest incidents in the family history of friends and parishioners being faithfully chronicled," with reservation always of the last page "to the great concern." Now all this daily life of the man he is portraying, in his manse, in his parish, in his pulpit, among his family, chronicled in minutest detail, the biographer inexplicably chooses to omit, and "bringing these last pages together," gives us a long string of religious admonitions and exhortations which may have been of great interest and value to an affectionate sister, but are absolutely worthless and characterless to the reader, bring out no personal features in either correspondent, and serve only to heap up and repeat imperfect expressions of Chalmers' thoughts upon religion. Shortly after this sister left him, he married. It is easy

for a man with disengaged affections to resolve upon study and a single life. When his heart is no longer his own, he forgets both his apprehensions and his resolves, and eagerly embraces a happier fate. He was married in his thirty-second year to Miss Grace Pratt, who had been residing for some time with an uncle at Kilmany, with whom, we are told, thirty-five years of unbroken domestic happiness were enjoyed.

From Eloquence is among the rarest gifts of God, and the fame of the great preacher soon pervaded Scotland. A vacancy occurred in the Town Church of Glasgow, and after a vehement contest during which it was freely reported that the fervent evangelist was mad, Chalmers was elected. He nobly refused to give the smallest pledge of acceptance whilst the contest was pending, and long hesitated in his choice between the vast city and the dear valley and beloved people of Kilmany. He had a terror of the visitations and secular engagements of a large town. He seems never to have thought of Glasgow without a vision of unlettered multitudes battering at his hall door, and storming his study. The reality proved almost as bad as the apprehension, and his piteous pleadings against this evil, and the grandeur of his indignation, are sometimes ludicrously lively. He took every precaution by stipulation and express agreement, and previous announcement of his secluded habits, to guard his time and privacy—but he had a constant battle to maintain, and with unsatisfactory results. "I know," he says, previous to his election, in a letter to one of his supporters, "of instances where a clergyman has been called from the country to town for his talent at preaching; and when he got there, they so belaboured him with the drudgery of their institutions, that they smothered and extinguished the very talent for which they had adopted him. The purity and independence of the clerical office are not sufficiently respected in great towns. He comes among them a clergyman, and they make a mere churchwarden of him.—It shall be my unceasing endeavour to get all this work shifted upon the laymen; and did I not hope to succeed in some measure I would be induced to set my face against the whole arrangement at this moment."

He preached his first sermon in Glasgow on the 30th

March 1815, and the following is a portion of a very lively description of his appearance on that occasion in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk :"—

"At first sight no doubt his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moments of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is, perhaps, the most singular part of the whole visage; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's—and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line, a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses—such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestener, Euler, and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which in the heads of most mathematical persons is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever, immediately above this, in the forehead, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable, while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled but in the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples. * * * * Of all

human compositions there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet, and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be, of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory—more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious, his gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But, of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings.—I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably I have never heard either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his.”—Vol. II. p. 5.

Strange accounts are given of his unparalleled popularity, which sometimes led to indecorous and ludicrous incidents. Even in decorous London the crowds were so

great as to block up access to the chapel before it was full, and on a plank, projected from one of the windows, lords and ladies had to make good their entrance. It was not unusual for some of his hearers to start to their feet, and give the relief of expression to their feelings. Professor Young, the eloquent professor of Greek, used to jump upon his seat and stand rivetted and in tears, and once clapped his hands in an ecstasy of delight. On one occasion, in his own Church, to prevent a crowd in the evening which greatly oppressed him, he announced that he would repeat in the second service the sermon of the morning. But this had no more of a repressive effect than the announcement that Mrs. Siddons was to appear again in *Lady Macbeth* would have had. A broad aisle, leading to the pulpit from the main door of the Church, he had directed to be kept vacant for the sake of ventilation. But when all other space was filled the pressure outside broke the door from its hinges, and over the fallen leaves the torrent flowed up the passage to the pulpit-stairs. A countryman who had got in early, had taken advantage of the time and fallen asleep. "Wakened by the crash of the doors and the rush through the passage, he started up, looked stupidly for a moment or two at the crowd, and then exclaimed, so loud as to be heard by all around him, 'Gude guide us! they say the man canna speak when the trance [passage] is fu'; he'll no speak muckle the nicht!'" Dr. Wardlaw was present, and the very amusing question put to him by Dr. Chalmers, as they walked home together, if he was not wicked but perfectly simple-minded, as we believe he was, is a rare instance of childlike innocence.

"He expressed in his pithy manner his great annoyance at such crowds. 'I preached the same sermon,' said he, 'in the morning; and for the very purpose of preventing the oppressive annoyance of such a densely-crowded place, I intimated that I should preach it again in the evening;' and with the most ingenuous guilelessness, he added, 'Have *you* ever tried that plan?' I did not smile—I laughed outright. 'No, no,' I replied, 'my good friend, there are but very few of us that are under the necessity of having recourse to the use of means for getting thin audiences.' He enjoyed the joke, and he felt, though he modestly disowned, the compliment."—Vol. II. p. 160.

The cause of this great popularity to a reader of Dr. Chalmers' Sermons, and still more to one who has heard himself deliver them, was manifestly in his prodigious earnestness. His writings will not live, for they are all essentially *speeches*, addressed to the heart through the ear, not to the mind through the eye. He was profoundly serious, and this seriousness had at its command the warm colourings of a most tender affectionateness of nature, all the resources of a picturesque fancy, and the impressive vehemence of a vast, though uncouth, physical energy. The effects he produced are largely accounted for by a saying of his own, that the only figure of speech he had the smallest respect for was Reiteration. The happy expression of condensed thought, no one will look for in his writings. They every where display a rich but confused and disordered nature, set into a glow by some strong impulse. To listen to them for impression's sake must have been delightful; to read them is as wearying, distracting, and discontinuous, as to look all day into a kaleidoscope. The most illogical of writers, he was yet the most kindling of speakers. Heber said of him that he had the worst style on this side of Chaos; and Robert Hall, who yet highly honoured his gifts, at one time said of him, "that he was like a door upon its hinges, perpetual motion and no progression,"—and at another, "that he was the finest gold-beater he had ever known." If a man had the faculty of thinking upon his legs, and before an audience, with as little obstruction as in his closet, then his extempore speaking, supposing him to have the same rich nature, would be fully as logical and elaborate as Chalmers' writing. It was because he wrote just as he would have spoken, with no more condensation or method than if the thoughts had come to him whilst standing in the pulpit, that he accomplished what we believe no man else ever accomplished, a prodigious popularity with a closely-written and a closely-read Sermon. But what gave effect to his preaching ruined his authorship. We know nothing in this way more distressing, if you wish to know his views upon any important subject, than the endless repetitions and whirlwinds of his words. But he read like an extempore speaker, because he wrote like one. An old woman, who would not in any other person endure

paper in the pulpit, being reproached for inconsistency in admiring Chalmers, replied, "Nae doubt; but its *fell readin' thon*." We give a specimen of his most popular style of preaching. The Sermon was on the Dissipation of large Cities, and in behalf of the Magdalene Asylum. It shows the moral tone of Glasgow, thirty years ago:—

"We have our eye perfectly open to that great external improvement which has taken place of late years, in the manners of society. There is not the same grossness of conversation. There is not the same impatience for the withdrawalment of him who, asked to grace the outset of an assembled party, is compelled at a certain step in the process of conviviality, by the obligations of professional decency to retire from it. There is not so frequent an exaction of this as one of the established proprieties of social or of fashionable life. And if such an exaction was ever laid by the omnipotence of custom on a minister of Christianity, it is such an exaction as ought never to have been complied with. It is not for him to lend the sanction of his presence to a meeting with which he could not sit to its final termination. It is not for him to stand associated for a single hour, with an assemblage of men who begin with hypocrisy, and end with downright blackguardism. It is not for him to watch the progress of the coming ribaldry, and to hit the well-selected moment when talk and turbulence and boisterous merriment are upon the eve of bursting forth upon the company, and carrying them forward to the full acme and uproar of their enjoyment. It is quite in vain to say, that he has only sanctioned one part of such an entertainment. He has as good as given his connivance to the whole of it, and left behind him a discharge in full of all its abominations; and therefore, be they who they may, whether they rank among the proudest aristocracy of our land, or are charioted in splendour along, as the wealthiest of our citizens, *or flounce in the robes of magistracy*, it is his part to keep as purely and indignantly aloof from such society as this, as he would from the vilest and most debasing associations of profligacy.

"The words underlined do not appear in the Sermon as printed. While uttering them, which he did with peculiar emphasis, accompanying them with a flash from his eye, and a stamp of his foot, he threw his right arm with clenched hand right across the book-board, and brandished it full in the face of the Town Council, sitting in array and in state before him. Many eyes were in a moment directed towards the magistrates. The words evidently fell upon them like a thunder-bolt, and seemed to startle like an electric shock the whole audience."—Vol. II. p. 153.

Dr. Chalmers was wisely a firm adherent to the paro-

chial administration of Religion ; for in Scotland there was sufficient unanimity of belief to render the system practicable. He regarded himself as the Minister of the Tron Parish, accountable only for the Tron Parish ; not bound to spend his time in seeking out, at the ends of the earth, those who flocked to hear him from whatever quarter ; but bound to look after, and provide for, the spiritual condition of those who lived within the bounds of his parish, whether they ever came to his Church or not. He never felt himself called upon to act as a Pastor to those who came to his Church out of their own parish, however regular and permanent might be their attendance at his services, or however munificent might be their contributions to the religious machinery he worked. By concentrating himself in this way on a defined locality, he wrought an amount of good, and with a gladdening and satisfying result, which never can attend ministrations to a congregation, the individuals of which are dotted here and there through a vast population, and over an immense extent of square miles.—His first great object was the visitation of his parish, consisting of about eleven thousand souls. This visitation was one of inspection only, and was conducted with all possible rapidity. His accompanying elder toiled after him in vain, and was cheered along by the pleasantry, " Well, if you were to speak your mind, you would say we were putting the butter very thinly on the bread." An old woman, of whom he took a rapid survey, besought him not to leave her without a prayer, but he hurried on with the apology, that to pray in every house would take him ten years to get through the work. The result of the inspection was, that the great majority of the people had no connection whatever with any ministrations of religion, and that all the children in the parish who were in attendance on Sabbath Schools did not exceed one hundred. For these evils he devised the remedy of local Sabbath Schools, apportioning a separate School, when found necessary, to each court, and wynd, and lane, and assigning the defined district to some one pledged teacher and preacher as his parish. By his example, his energy, his persuasiveness, and the magic of genius when accompanied by goodness, he succeeded in making others work for and with him, and it is said that these local Sabbath Schools exist

to this day. He was as eager to attack the Pauperism as the irreligion and ignorance of his Parish. He held extreme views of the demoralizing operation of a Poor Law: and he would have each Parish to provide for its own, not compulsorily, but through the unforced aids of kindness and neighbourhood,—supplementing these by any organized benevolence, only after the natural supplies had failed, and rather incurring the risk of leaving some suffering untended than of closing the voluntary sources of its alleviation. The poor of Glasgow were at that time supported, partly by the proceeds of a collection made each Sunday at the Church doors, and partly from a compulsory tax. The first of these funds was not left at the disposal of each Church and its Minister, for the supply of their own Parish, but given over to the General Session for the relief of the whole town; and the fund raised by legal assessment was committed to the disposal of another body, called the Committee of the Town Hospital. When a man became a pauper, he was first sent, by certificate and recommendation from his own parish Church, to the General Session; and when the support they could afford to give appeared too little for the case, he was then sent on, upon their certificate, to the Town Hospital for a fuller allowance. This Chalmers compared to a Charitable Institution with two doors; the first of which was not very strictly guarded because those who sought entrance at it did not ask for much, and because, as soon as they asked for more, they were hurried out at the other door, and so passed on to larger resources, and got rid of altogether by those who had given them their first easy admission. Dr. Chalmers' great desire was to have his Parish in his own hands, engaging, if the whole management was left to himself and his people, to provide for the pauperism of the Parish out of the collections made at the doors of his own Church. Some legal difficulties prevented such an arrangement within the old Parish of the Tron Church, and after much anxiety and exertion an entirely new Parish was carved out for him, with a population of ten thousand souls. To the new Church of St. John's he removed on the 26th August 1819, having been just four years at the Tron Church. The Parish consisted of 2,161 families, of whom only 845 families had seats in any place of worship, and even this pro-

portion, it is said, "gave no adequate idea of the extent to which church-going habits had been relinquished." Here he found it necessary to establish Parochial Day Schools, as well as Sunday Schools; and when he left Glasgow and St. John's four years after, he left behind him three new sets of School Buildings, giving a superior education at a very cheap rate to 793 children. When Dr. Chalmers undertook the charge of the parish of St. John's the cost of its pauperism averaged annually £1,400; and the whole amount of the collections throughout the year at the church doors was £480. Here, to begin with, was an attempt to provide for the pauperism of the district by about one-third of the previous expenditure. But far more than this was accomplished. The maintenance of the poor was kept down to a yearly average of £280, and a balance of £200 remained for purposes of Parochial Education. The Education and the Pauperism of the Parish were in the same hands, and so by a system of household visiting carried on by pledged agents, and made so easy by subdivision that each agent had not to devote to the work more than three hours in the month, through the force of personal influence and the higher feelings and motives called into operation, pauperism was not so much relieved as prevented. Dr. Chalmers' principle was that nothing should be done by public institutions, until all that could be drawn from individual industry, from the affection, or the shame, or the sense of duty, of relations, and from the natural sympathies of acquaintance and neighbourhood, was seen and exhausted. At the beginning it must have required some sternness and hardihood to rely upon these principles, for the sufferers might have perished during the experiment, but the spontaneous aid seems never to have failed, except in those cases when ostensible public relief, often only ostensible, quieted the sense of responsibility and withdrew nature's provision of individual kindness and care.

"Typhus fever made its deadly inroads into a weaver's family, who, though he had sixpence a day as a pensioner, was reduced to obvious and extreme distress. The case was reported to Dr. Chalmers, but no movement towards any sessional relief was made; entire confidence was cherished in the kind offices of the immediate neighbourhood. A cry, however, of neglect was raised; an actual investigation of what the man had received during the period of his

distress was undertaken, and it was found that ten times more than any legal fund would have allowed him had been supplied willingly and without any sacrifice whatever to the offerers."—Vol. II. p. 304.

It must be remembered, however, that this trust in the spontaneous kindnesses of neighbourhood was not exhibited in a Parish where nothing was done to excite that kindness: on the contrary, it was for this harvest of love that Dr. Chalmers and his agents were constantly labouring; to stimulate the people to this care for others, and this independence for themselves, was the daily object of his visiting and his preaching; and their exertions were animated by the knowledge that every penny saved out of the public funds, that had hitherto been spent on pauperism, was so much additional, to be spent on Institutions for the education and spiritual benefit of themselves and of their children. This system never could have been carried out in a Parish spiritually neglected, and it is the highest proof of the personal attention to their moral interests of Dr. Chalmers and his associates, that for fourteen years after he left Glasgow it was still upheld among the parishioners of St. John's. "I soon made the people understand," said Dr. Chalmers before a Committee of the House of Commons, "that I only dealt in one article, that of Christian instruction; and that if they chose to receive me upon this footing, I should be glad to visit them occasionally. I can vouch for it that the cordiality of the people was not only enhanced but very much refined in its principle after this became the general understanding: that of the ten thousand entries which I have made at different times into the houses of the poor in Glasgow, I cannot recollect half-a-dozen instances in which I was not received with welcome."—It is grievous to have to add that in 1837, in consequence of the refusal of the Town Council to protect St. John's from an incursion of paupers from other parishes, and the continued enforcement of its contribution to an assessment fund from which it never drew a penny, the agents of this successful experiment were at last discouraged, and suffered the parish to fall back into the general system of Glasgow. The consequence has been that in Glasgow "the charity of law" has every where superseded "the charity of kindness," no such thing now

exists as an unassessed parish, and in the last ten years, while the population increased 20 per cent., the cost of pauperism increased about 430 per cent. It is not the waste of money, but the moral loss and waste it indicates, that is the melancholy part of this arithmetic.

During a considerable portion of his connection with St. John's, Dr. Chalmers had Edward Irving associated with him as a colleague. Irving had hitherto been most unpopular as a preacher, but Chalmers, looking out for an assistant, arranged an opportunity of hearing him, and discovered the peculiar gift that was in him. When asked by Dr. Chalmers to become his assistant, he replied; "Well Sir, I am most grateful to you, but I must be also somewhat acceptable to your people. I will preach to them if you think fit, and if they bear with my preaching they will be the first people that have borne with it." They divided equally between them the Sunday services, and "the labours of household visitation were also shared between Dr. Chalmers and his assistant. In this department Mr. Irving was pre-eminently effective. In many a rude encounter the infidel radicalism of the parish bent and bowed before him. His commanding presence, his manly bearing, his ingenuous honesty, his vigorous intellect, and, above all, his tender and most generous sympathies, melted the hearts of the people under him, and second only to that which his more illustrious colleague possessed was the parochial influence which, after a few months' visitation, he gained and most fruitfully exercised."

Through the whole of this unexampled popularity and successful labour Dr. Chalmers was sighing for quietness, and turning his attention to the many expedients that were offering, in professorships and less exposed parishes, for his extrication from the burdens and tumults of his position. Glasgow had never been to his mind. He dreaded from a distance the secular character of many of the engagements that must press upon him there, and he found the reality worse than his anticipations. He bitterly complained of having to sit in grave deliberation on what was to be done with an open gutter, and of having to taste pork broth and ox-head broth, in company with ministers, merchants, and aldermen, in order that a vote might be

taken as to which broth was to be part of the daily diet at the Town Hospital. He alternately laughed and stormed at Glasgow for her superstitious requirement of a flock of ministers upon every social occasion; and when recalled from a holiday to preach a funeral sermon for the Princess Charlotte, he writes with his usual homely energy, that Glasgow is a dreadful place, which he never once left without its sending some nonsense after him. Personal attentions seem to have been still more embarrassing to him. One lady would invade his house to superintend the making of plum-jelly, which he did not want, but had to pay for, and far worse to entertain the lady at dinner. Another calls to deliver "a long rigmarole invective against her sister," and he delivers himself in this way. "I was quite impatient. She spoke of my being in her sister's will, and of my having taken her down one day in my *chariot* from Kensington Place to St. John's, which was all true of the *noddy*. I got so desperately tired of her incessant volubility that I said I would listen no longer, and left the drawing room for my bed room, whither however she followed me, but I soon got the door shut against her; and I shall now insist that Miss —— puts my session out of her will altogether, for I am to have nothing to do with a set of cackling wives and old maids." Another follows him in the streets; and another detains him so long talking to no purpose that he describes it as a "mere gurgle of syllables." Even this hardworking man, labouring incessantly in the highest departments of his calling, could not escape the reproaches of idle and huffy people, who wished to receive from him the homage of morning calls; all which absurd persecution he thus notices in his Journal. "I should bear all things, and do all without murmurings and disputings, and be meek and gentle with all men. But, at the same time, it is obviously impossible that I can be dragged or dragooned into Mr. ——'s house in his present humour, or pay an attention extorted from me in the spirit of a jealous exactor; nor do I think it my duty to dine at my hearers' tables whenever they choose to let out an invitation. I must try to keep a charitable spirit towards him; and I am sure that my absence from his house bears no more reference to him particularly than it does to the hundred others who have

kept asking and asking at me, and have just as good a right to be angry as he, that I have never moved a single footstep to them. This is really a vulgarism which must be abolished.—The ——s have been particularly cold, and Mr. Falconer's remarks have let me into the explanation. They have conceived themselves to be grievously insulted by the neglect of unconscious me, who all the while was prosecuting my own affairs without the slightest intention either of offending them or any other body—who spoke when I was spoken to, and went to the church when the bell rang." So oppressive did all this become to him, that, groaning under the unprofitable burden, he writes to Mrs. Chalmers: "Let it be my most fixed and firm determination to cultivate a distance from general society. I beg you will come to Glasgow on this principle, my dear, and let us do our utmost to keep our house clear of the swarms by which it has been hitherto infested." But of all interruptions, idle interruptions of his hours of study were what tried Dr. Chalmers' temper most severely. The following account of one such invasion is too good to be withheld:—

"While Dr. Chalmers was very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. 'Sit down, Sir; be good enough to be seated,' said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father, and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end—'Doctor,' said the visitor, 'I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way.' At once the object of the visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—'Not a penny, Sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek.'"—Vol. II. p. 191.

From all these troubles, and from the demands of a popularity which was becoming increasingly oppressive,

and which he was conscious could neither be profitably sustained, nor lost without some injurious reaction,—after eight years' trial of Glasgow, he deserted that tumultuous fame which he contemptuously described as consisting in the heat, and throng, and applause "of a drivelling population," and took quiet refuge among the haunts of his boyhood, in the Moral Philosophy Chair of St. Andrew's. This determination excited much wonder, and some rude blame. He justifies himself in this way :—

"Were there, at this moment, fifty vacancies in the Church, and the same number of vacancies in our Colleges, and fifty men to start into view, equally rich in their qualifications for the one department and the other, some of you would be for sending them to the pulpits,—I would be for sending them to the Chairs. A Christianized university, in respect of its professorships, would be to me a mightier accession than a Christianized country, in respect of its parishes. And should there be a fountain out of which there emanated a thousand rills, it would be to the source that I should carry the salt of purification, and not to any of the streams which flow from it."—Vol. II. p. 376.

On the 9th November 1823, Dr. Chalmers preached his farewell sermon in St. John's, when the crowd was so great that the doors had to be guarded by a detachment of soldiers hastily summoned from the neighbouring barracks. Six days afterwards he was installed in his new office at St. Andrew's.

Here our materials for the present come to an end.—We are aware that we have failed to communicate in these few pages the full image of Dr. Chalmers which may be collected from the numerous details and descriptions of his labours, manner of life, and conversation, scattered over these two volumes. His remarkable constitutional activity, both of mind and body, his tender susceptibility to friendships of the soul, the healthy energy and directness of his feelings, his genial cordiality, his domestic kindness and helpfulness, his "prosperous management" of men, his loving confidence in human nature, and even the searching sincerity of his religious character in private, and its burning intensity in public, must in this brief sketch but feebly appear. And chiefly to relieve our own feeling of the scant justice he has received at our

hands, we add two vivid exhibitions of him, in his own words. The first will show the noble uprightness, the severe conscientiousness of the man ; and perhaps it will do more than exhibit, for surely it ought to communicate to whoever reads it, his sense of responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the people, his willingness to labour and suffer, that the Gospel should be preached to the Poor. A Clergyman who had contributed to the disappointment of his most cherished visions by inefficiency in the Chapelry of St. John's, and who through the same inefficiency had left on Dr. Chalmers the burden of a serious annual pecuniary loss, which could not be liquidated except by a more successful ministry on the scene of his failure, writes for testimonials and recommendations to strengthen his application for another situation. The reply is entirely noble ; and we wish it were impressed upon the conscience of every man who is asked to put his hand to a testimonial, and who is tempted by cowardice, or selfishness, or that unprincipled kindness to an acquaintance which is meanness and injury to every one else, to give a false report of another in matters affecting the highest interests of those whom that report misleads. The letter written at a later period of Dr. Chalmers' life, is long, but in more directions than one it is eminently characteristic.

“ Edinburgh, December 24, 1831.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I would have replied to your letter of the 9th of November long ago, but I felt the weight and greatness of the subject, and had not strength to grapple with it, while the burden of my classes was upon me. I have taken the earliest opportunity, by taking the first of the holidays, for the difficult task of replying, as I feel I ought, to your communication.

“ I trust I have long ceased to recommend to a public office for the purpose of befriending or benefitting any one. I have sometimes been mistaken ; and my judgment, I am very sensible, is just as liable to err as that of other men. But my strong and single purpose, in every case where I am consulted, about the appointment either to chairs or to churches, shall be to render an honest advice ; and to do it on no other principle than that of the greatest usefulness. I feel more and more the tremendous responsibility which attaches to the utterance of my opinion upon these subjects ; and I desire that neither favour, nor friendship, nor gra-

titude, nor any personal feelings or interests whatever, shall have the least influence in a deliberation so solemn as that which relates to the education of youth or to the Christian good of families.

"But to apply this to the matter before us. I had much conversation with you ere you undertook your present charge, on the peculiar nature of it. I laboured to impress upon you, that it was only upon the strength of your week-day attentions that you could ever hope to collect there a congregation upon the Sabbaths; that it was, in fact, a missionary station among a very outlandish people; and that the chapel was erected for the praiseworthy object of reclaiming these people to habits of church-going, along with the other decencies and observations of a Christian land—an achievement which I strenuously and repeatedly affirmed could only be carried into effect by unwearied, persevering, daily attentions to them and to their families. I put a paper into your hands, enumerating with great and anxious minuteness these attentions in the order of their importance and efficacy; and when I left Glasgow, we parted with the mutual agreement of exchanging letters once a-month on what to me was the most interesting of all topics, the progress of operations on whose success my heart was infinitely more set than on that of any other enterprize on which I have ever ventured in the whole course of my existence.

"I was looking lately to my volume of St. John's Sermons, and find that the thirteenth was preached by me on the opening of your chapel. It is now more than eight years since that composition was executed; nor am I conscious of having ever, till the other day, looked at it since. I was therefore the more interested in observing there an exposition of the same principles which I am now insisting on—principles on which I expatiated much and anxiously in your hearing, and still the only principles on which I hold it possible to reclaim a population that have lapsed into a state of practical heathenism. And I must add, that notwithstanding the failure of all my fond and sanguine hopes in the Chapelry of St. John's, I will still proclaim it as my faith—that if a minister in your circumstances will but ply with the attention of common and Christian kindness through the week the families of such a district as the one that has been assigned to you—if he will but attend their funerals, and visit their sick-beds, and watch over the deaths of those who are near and dear to them, and take cognizance of their children, and become the affectionate friend and familiar of the common people within the limits of his territory; and if, to lighten the cares and fatigues of such a superintendence, and bring it within the compass of his own individual strength, he will attach to him by his cordiality and courteousness, a parochial agency, at once to relieve him of his toils and give a tenfold efficacy to his labours—I cannot but aver it as my yet unshaken confidence, that, on these things being done, the result, in

the course of years, would be a numerous and steady congregation, gathered out from among the families who had been attached by the services of Christian philanthropy performed in the midst of them. That such a congregation has not been formed in the Chapelry of St. John's is to me the most grievous and humbling mortification by far that I ever experienced; but if those things which from the outset I ever held to be indispensable, and which still, with the blessing of God, I hold to be sufficient—if these things have been undone, then, however distressed and disappointed I have been at this individual instance, I will not yet let go my triumphant anticipation, that, by means of the diligence and devotedness of Christian labourers, the worst of our city population may still be Christianized.

"Our regular correspondence ceased within a few months of my leaving Glasgow—a cessation which did not begin with me, for my interest in the success of the enterprize I left behind me never ceased. I heard reports of your * * * and thus having traversed every principle on which I conceived that we had a full common understanding at the outset of your connection with your present charge. But it is not on the credit given by me to particular reports, that I decline the recommendation of you to any other charge. It is on the general fact, that you have not succeeded in a situation where I believe that, with due labour and right management on your part, you would have succeeded. Even though I could allege no evidence against your qualifications, I must, ere I am entitled to exert myself in your favour, have positive evidence for them—and that is an evidence which I altogether want—I dare not, consistently with common honesty, take so much as one step for your removal from your present to another situation. And there are certain circumstances which I must take the liberty of stating, as they serve irresistibly in my opinion to prove, that I could not share in any such attempt without incurring a guilt, the sense of which would oppress and overwhelm my own conscience, and the disclosure of which would, or at least ought, to stamp me with infamy among my fellow-men.

"I made on the chapel and its ground, an outlay of seven hundred and fifty pounds, with the expectation certainly of making good the interest, and at length recovering the principal. And I am told by Mr. Paul, of such being the deficiency of the receipts, that the amount of my obligation, as being the holder of five shares, to make it good, will come to forty pounds a-year, entailing upon me, therefore, the loss of about eighty pounds a-year—an encroachment upon my income, which, in my present circumstances, and with my present family, I cannot very well afford.

"Now this is the re-action which such a state of things brings upon my feelings; and I believe it will be sympathized with by every man who has in him the soul and the conscience of high-

minded integrity. Am I to rid myself of this oppressive obligation, to recommend away from the Chapelry of St. John's, that minister to whose inefficiency I believe it to be owing? Am I to prostitute, for such an object as this, the confidence which either a patron or a people shall repose in me? Am I to traffic away the immortal interests of men, by such a wretched sacrifice of truth and honour and Christian sincerity, at the shrine of any earthly interest whatever, whether it be to obtain for myself a temporal enlargement, or to rid myself of a temporal embarrassment? Rather than incur the least shadow or semblance of aught so vile and villanous as this, I will bear the obligation onward with me to my grave, and entail it as a burden upon my children, whom I shall teach that no wealth can ever make up for that best and noblest of all patrimony, the integrity of a father.

"Next to the disappointment of my hopes in regard to a great and extensive reformation by means of your labours among the people, the sorest ingredient of this business is, that I have involved Mr. Douglas of Cavers in a burden nearly equal to my own; and in a fifth part of it each of ten or twelve individuals more, the best and worthiest friends I have in the world, and whom I have been the instrument of misleading into a hurtful speculation.

"Never, I used to think, was there a minister placed in a likelier situation than yourself for insuring, by dint of patience and painstaking, a rich harvest of souls, besides the applause and encouragement of the good. I fondly imagined that my chapel, like those of Edinburgh, might have proved a stepping-stone to one of the city churches; or, what would accord still better with my principles and views, that, after having evinced its own vast importance to the Christian interests of the community, it might itself have been transformed into a city church, and its minister been admitted to the full privileges which attach to a regular city clergyman. May the same mysterious Power who hath humbled and chastised my lofty expectation again reassure me; and may you yet experience in your own future history what the Missionary Elliot recorded at the termination of his labours, that it is in the power of prayers and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, to do any thing.

"I leave the representation which I have now given to its effect upon your own conscience. The effect upon mine is, that I cannot possibly comply with your request, that I should recommend you to any other situation in the Church.—I am, dear Sir, your's faithfully,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

The other exhibition we desire to present of Dr. Chalmers is in his own testimony to the fundamentally healthy nature of his religious feelings. That they were distorted and falsely represented in their doctrinal expressions, that

he was fond of placing them in forms graphic and grotesque, is true; but at their foundations the sentiment that sustained them was always essentially genuine and noble. His orthodoxy was not of the vulgar kind, but the symbol, it might be an unnatural one, of profound truths and spiritual experiences. His doctrine of human corruption was not derived from instances of human iniquity but rather from the numberless instances in which humanity appears lovely and beneficent without giving glory and gratitude to God, and it co-existed with his acceptance and admiration of Bishop Butler's views of Human Nature. His doctrine of Christ's merits simply meant that man can never reach an outward standard of perfection, and therefore must be accepted by God for the loyalty of his heart, and the earnest desires and efforts after righteousness that flow out of the spirit's filial trust in God. His doctrine of Atonement simply meant that a man must work, not selfishly, for the sake of his own salvation, but from pure, disenthralled, affections, and out of gratitude to God, whose free love embraced and sought him ere he had any title to forgiveness. And all these sentiments, which make the soul of his preaching, are profoundly Christian, and it was the prominency which he gave to them which enabled him to clothe and disguise with their tender and solemn beauty the hideous skeleton of orthodoxy. To the address which he sent from Glasgow to his dear people at Kilmany, it was objected by the representatives of the old orthodoxy, that he was resting their acceptance with God on an unsafe foundation because he urged all who felt themselves unsettled and insecure, simply "to set themselves immediately, and with all diligence, to renounce every obviously wrong thing they had hitherto practised, and to do every obviously right thing which they had neglected." We wish to show him distinctly disclaiming the trammels of a formal and unspiritual system, and revealing the real feelings which he clothed in orthodox forms. He speaks thus of Calvinism:—

"My Christianity approaches nearer, I think, to Calvinism than to any of the *isms* in Church history: but broadly as it announces the necessity of sanctification, it does not bring it forward in that free and spontaneous manner which I find in the New Testament. It does not urge my affections in the shape of a warm and impres-

sive admonition. It is laid before me as part of a system; and I am somehow restrained from submitting my heart to the fulness of its influence by the severe and authoritative qualifications which are laid upon it. There is so much said about the dangers of self-righteousness, that I am afraid to trust myself with any attempts at righteousness at all; and for the simple obedience of love which the gospel teaches me, I either give up obedience entirely, or I find it prove fatiguing, because in addition to the simple feeling, I have also to give it its proper place in the fabric of orthodoxy, and to wield a most cumbersome machinery of principles and explanations along with it. I feel the influence of these systems to be most unfortunate in the pulpit. Were I to accommodate to the previous state of discipline and education among my hearers, I could not get in a single precept without spending more than double the time necessary for announcing it, in satisfying them of its due subordination to the leading principles of the system. Now I would ask, Is this ever done by Paul or any of the Apostles? Do they feel any restraint or any hesitation in being practical? Is not this scrupulous deference to the factitious orthodoxy of Calvin a principle altogether foreign and subsequent to the native influence of Divine truth on the heart? With what perfect freedom from all this parade and all this scrupulosity do Christ and his apostles make their transition from doctrine to practice, and expand with the most warm and earnest and affectionate exhortation! No, my dear Sir, our divinity is not of the right kind unless it be a fair transcript of that divinity which exists in the New Testament. I admit the doctrine of good works, not because it comes to me in the shape of a corollary to the demonstrations of the schoolmen, but because it comes to me in warm and immediate efficacy from 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' I do not think I can be wrong in calling no man master but Christ; and at all events it is making faith in Him my security and my refuge. I summon up the conception of Jesus as my friend, and with such an image in my heart, I feel the intolerance of orthodoxy stript of all its terrors. I repair to the grand principle of faith as my refuge not merely against the anxieties of certain guilt, but against the anxieties of possible ignorance; and that very doctrine of the sufficiency of Christ which occupies so high, though not too high, a place in their systems, I convert into my defence and my protection when they frown condemnation upon me. That which availeth is, 'Faith working by love;' and if the love of Christ be shed abroad upon our hearts by the Holy Spirit, it is to be rejoiced in as the 'pledge and the earnest of our inheritance.' This is the attainment which we must strive after; and we have the highest authority for believing, that prayer and diligence, and the

exercises of patience and faith, are means which, if strenuously persevered in, are never resorted to in vain."—Vol. I. p. 243.

In addition to the publications which we have incidentally mentioned, Dr. Chalmers' principal writings, up to this period of his life, consisted of an *Essay on the Evidences of Christianity* in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, originally written in the driest season of his mind, and confined to the external argument; a volume of *Astronomical Discourses*, which he afterwards justly looked upon as a florid and juvenile production, but which ran a successful race with the "*Tales of my Landlord*," and reached a circulation of twenty thousand in one year; a volume of *Congregational Sermons* preached in the Tron Church; a series of periodical tracts, afterwards collected into a work entitled "*The Civic and Christian Economy of Large Towns*;" and a volume of *Sermons*, published in 1820, "*On the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary affairs of Life*," which he himself regarded as the happiest and most useful of his pulpit labours.

ART. II.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE
VARIETIES OF MAN.

The Natural History of the Varieties of Man. By R. G. Latham, M.D., &c. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1850.

WE cannot pretend, in any critical sense, to *review* the elaborate volume before us, abounding as it does in learned detail; but we may briefly pen down remarks which occur to us, and point out what may serve to excite the reader's curiosity.

The author regards the subject as so much the grander and the worthier of pursuit, because it is a growing one; and while admiring highly the great work of the lamented Prichard, yet desires to show his admiration by helping the science onward, not by resting on Prichard's attainment.

Dr. Latham, in many respects, writes like a Frenchman. His perpetual effort is after scientific and even mathematical form, as well as scientific accuracy. A sharp brevity of sentence, and a systematic arrangement of details, is perhaps natural to him, even when he does not aim at it. We presume that this really tends towards the perfection of the science; if it be not always altogether in conformity with English taste. Opening at random, we take a sample of his *small type* paragraphs, in which he is accustomed to present to the reader condensed results. But it must not be supposed that more than a fraction of the book is in this style.

“ THE POLYNESIANS.

“ *Area*.—From the small islands to the west of the Pelews, to Easter island, west and east. From the Mariannes and the Sandwich Islands north, to New Zealand south.

“ *Physical Conformation*.—Modified Protoonesian. Stature, perhaps taller; tendency to corpulence more common; colour oftener approaching that of the European; hair often waved or curling; nose frequently aquiline.

"*Nutrition*.*—But little azotised ; saccharine and amylaceous.

"*Aliment*.—Pre-eminently vegetable, the coco-nut, the taro, and the banana. Fish.

"*Negative Characters*.—Little or no use of the bow and arrow ; considered to be a differential point between Polynesia and Kelaenonesia.

"*Conditions of Social and Physical Development*.—Absence of large animals, either as beasts of burden or as food. Nearly general absence of rice and pulse. Intercourse entirely by means of canoes. Between Polynesia and Protoonesia little or none. Between the different portions of Polynesia little or partial. Malay and Hindu influences obscure. Present influences European : of recent date.

"*Religion*.—Paganism, apparently indigenous. Uniform in its general character over a great extent.

"*Languages*.—Allied to each other, and mutually intelligible over large areas. Grammatical structure akin to the Tagala. Malay words numerous and evident.

"*Divisions*.—1. Micronesian branch ; 2. Proper Polynesian branch."—P. 183.

This is certainly a kind of writing which aids to expose our ignorance, and in so far excites us to fill up the gaps in our knowledge.

Such names as Kelaenonesians, Micronesians, Proto-neseians, Amphinesians, like the words which Mathematicians invent, denote a progress of combining and generalizing beyond the wants or thought of the common geographer. Latham, like Prichard, is diligent in enriching our scientific tongue with terms that embody the results of abstraction, and facilitate farther advances. In this volume he has imitated Zoologists by introducing the Greek termination *-idae*. Thus the Indo-Europeans with him are *Iapetidae*.

He enumerates the whole human race under the following heads : Mongolidae, Atlantidae, and Iapetidae. Under the Mongolidae he includes not only the Mongols proper, and the Chinese, the Turks and Hungarians, but the *Georgians and Circassians*, the Malays and Southern Indians, and all the native American tribes.—Under the Atlantidae he groups together all the Africans with the Arabs, Jews, Babylonians, &c.

* We have turned to numerous similar paragraphs, but do not again alight on this use of the word *Nutrition*, as distinguished from *Aliment* ; which probably will seem very strange to most readers.

The Mongolidae are of so vast extent, that perhaps it may be well to exhibit here the author's own subdivision. They are, 1. The Altaic (including Mongols proper, and the Tartar-Turk races); 2. Dioscurian, *vulgo* Caucasian proper; 3. Oceanic, *vulgo* Malay, Polynesian, Papuan, Australian, &c.; 4. Hyperborean (of Siberia); 5. Peninsular (viz. Koreans, Japanese, Kamchatkans, &c.); 6. American (who occupy 174 pages); 7. Indian (including even the Gangetic, nations, and, if we understand him, the Brahmins; as certainly the Gipsies!).

The reader will probably object to the eccentric name *Atlantidae*;—which must be deduced from *mount* Atlas, not from the Atlantic *ocean*, since it is really equivalent to Afridae. Indeed, while he was about it, we think the author might as well have styled his three classes, Asidae, Afridae, and Europidae. It will be seen that in his view the Syro-Arabian (otherwise called, Shemitic) races are merely a portion of the vast African stock. If he may name them from Mount Atlas, why may he not from Africa? Similarly he would be justified in naming the Asiatic Indo-Germans from Europe. We must add; of the Indo-Europeans he is at a loss to find any true representatives in Asia. This is one of the most paradoxical parts of his volume. We have shown that he does not allow any of the races in India to be Indo-Germanic: but he even declares his doubt what modern nations are descended from any of those who of old spoke "Sanskrit, Pali, Zend or Persepolitan" (p. 545); so that he may seem to believe the old Persian race to have been extirpated!

"The nation that is at one and the same time Asiatic and Indo-Germanic remains to be discovered."—P. 546.

"I abstain from any positive expression of opinion as to the quarter from which the Sanskrit language originated. That the language which stands in the same relation to it as the Italian does to the Latin, has yet to be discovered, I firmly believe: to which I may add, that, *except in Asia Minor or Europe, I do not know where to look for it.*"

Since he thus regards Indo-Germanism to be exceedingly rare and *exceptive* in Asia, as Shemitism is, there would seem to be the greater propriety in calling the race simply Europidae. *Iapetus* is a personage, concerning

whom we have no definite ideas. Because his son Prometheus, in the Greek legend, saved or created mankind, are therefore Indo-Europeans more than others Iapetidae?

It appears to us, however, that Dr. Latham is over-refining concerning language, so as to misdirect inquiry. He cannot doubt that a nation, once West of the Indus, invaded India and carried thither its language, so as to *produce* Sanskrit in India, if it was not fully developed previously. The foreign tongue either supplanted the older language in Bengal, and (what is the common notion) became degraded into Bengalee by the process, as the Latin was degraded in Gaul, and as, probably, the Saxon in Britain; or else it threw an enormous dash of words into the old Bengalee, (as Norman has done into our British Saxon,) and then was itself lost. The latter view is that to which Latham must drive us, when he maintains that the modern Bengalee grammar cannot have *grown out of* Sanskrit. Grant it: then Sanskrit apparently has perished in India, leaving no descendant. Why look about for a descendant in Asia Minor and Europe? In any case, it is ostensibly a fact, that the Gangetic population is mixed of invaders and invaded. Such mixture between any two human races being notoriously possible, it seems to be a waste of science to contest to which of the two heads they are to be referred.

If the old or the modern Persian Grammar differs greatly from that of Sanskrit, in spite of the likeness of its words, so does the modern Arabic verb of Cairo, of Aleppo and of Bagdad differ. Illiterate tongues are perpetually in progress, and may arrive at diversities so great as the Welsh and the Greek, without losing the marks of common origin. Besides, the relations of Persian to German constitute a fact, the significance of which can never be impaired by any difficulties concerning the Sanskrit; which has no necessary concern in the argument. When an Englishman hears a Persian say:

In bad ist—(hoc malum est):

In better ist—(hoc melius est):

he surely does not need to look through a Sanskrit eyeglass in order to decide that Persian has something fundamentally Teutonic in it.

If the place where each race most abounds were necessarily the primitive source, we should look on Europe as the origin of Indo-Europeans, and Africa of Syro-Arabians. But of course this is an illusion; and it may be objected that the termination *-idae* in Asidae, Afridae, Europidae, might give rise to that error. Perhaps so. But there is a great advantage in a name with a geographic basis:—indeed, Atlantidae is geographic, but uninstructionally so:—Mongolidae, if geographic, is too limited. It occurs to us also, in the name of Biblical historians to complain that our author studies the art of ingeniously tormenting. He grants them *three* stocks of the human family,—Shem, Ham and Japheth, as they will immediately suppose. He even calls one of them Iapetidae; which every simple-hearted Biblist will interpret to be,—children of JAPHET. The Atlantidae, being African, must apparently be children of HAM. So far well: but then,—he cruelly leaves no progeny for SHEM but Mongols, Tartars, Malays and other *Paganidae*, and makes the Chaldaean Abraham one of the *Ham-idae*!—However, he can reply, that the book of Genesis itself confesses Canaan to be a son of Ham, and Hebrew is the tongue of Canaan. Certainly, it is strange, that two nations talking languages so allied as Chaldee and Hebrew were ever put under different patriarchs.

We perceive that the Philistines are regarded by our author as doubtfully related to the Canaanites, and as perhaps speaking a foreign language;—although he confesses a difficulty about this. The Biblical narratives always leave on our minds the impression, that the Hebrews and the Philistines understood one another; and we find Winer (*Real-Wörterbuch*) expresses himself decisively as follows: “The language of the Philistines was of the same stock as the Phœnician and Hebrew. At least the proper names of Towns and Persons are all Shemitic, and most closely explicable from Hebrew. Still, they may in course of time have gained some distinction of dialect, Neh. 13, 24.”

The Mongolidae occupy 468 pages of this book, the Atlantidae 56, the Iapetidae 28. These numbers at once show how the author has concentrated his work on the great continental populations of Asia, America and Australia with the islands of India and of the Pacific. In fact, Europe less needs the additional discussion, and Africa has

not afforded so ample new information. The following remarks may interest the reader :—

“*The true Negro area (in Africa), the area occupied by men of the black skin, depressed nose and woolly hair, is exceedingly small ;— as small in proportion to the rest of the continent as the district of the stunted Hyperboreans is in Asia, or that of the Laps in Europe.*”—P. 471.

“The Negro of Sennaar has his closest relations, in the way of language, manners, and [therefore? of] blood, with the Africans of Kordofan, Abyssinia, and the parts about his own country. Not so, however, his physical conformation. These are with the Africans of Senegambia and Guinea; a fact brought about by the common conditions of heat, moisture, and a low sea-level: conditions however, which render the group artificial and provisional, rather than natural and permanent. *The same would be the case, if we threw all the mountaineers of Europe in one and the same class . . . simply on the ground of their exhibiting certain common phenomena of colour, stature and habits.*”—P. 472.

The last paragraph will show Latham to be fully agreed with Prichard, that climate and circumstances suffice to bring about great typical changes of physical form, independently of race. But he is not engaged in maintaining the point, and never repeats Prichard's arguments concerning it. He is well aware of the fallacies by which the opposite prejudices concerning the unchangeableness of race and unchangeableness of language are upheld by their respective advocates; and endeavours to introduce stricter rules of reasoning. Thus he will never allow admixture of race to be inferred from a change in physical type; but if there is substantive ground for believing an admixture of race, he will then allow it to be used in accounting for the change of types. Accordingly, he deserts Prichard in the question of the Ottoman Turks, and attributes their European features to intermarriage with women of those countries, because he thinks such intermarriage *à priori* probable. We find it harder to follow him when he applies the same remark to the Hungarians;—first, because several specimens of Hungarian *men*, whom we have seen, have enough of Tartar aspect to satisfy any one;—secondly, because we are informed by Germans who have lived in Hungary, that the women of pure Magyar race are singularly beautiful, and far surpass either German or Slovak women.

This circumstance however reminds us of another,—that the learned Hungarians firmly believe their progenitors to have migrated from Circassia and the neighbouring regions. Indeed the *last* migration, that of the Cumanians, was so recent, and the declaration of the people themselves, that they derived their name from the river Kouma (on the northern side of Caucasus), so positive, as to seem more like testimony than mythical opinion : and the *first* Magyar immigrants of whom we know, the Iazygs, are called a branch of the wandering Sarmatians, while in the days of Herodotus the Sarmatians notoriously had their seat among the northern roots of the Caucasus. Now the women of Circassia and Georgia are celebrated for their beauty : so indeed are the chiefs of Georgia ; but Dr. Latham informs us that the common men are very coarse-featured. This may perhaps be a point acquired by them, in common with the Hungarians, on the Caucasian district, a general beauty of the women, co-existing with a prevalent Tartar aspect in the men.

In passing, we spoke of the Iazygs as Magyars. It is a fact, that one branch of the true Magyars still style themselves Iazygs ; and since they live (as nearly as can be made out) on the same area as the Iazyges in the days of Tacitus, it will need some very clear proof to make us doubt of their being the same people. Latham however follows his predecessors in inferring that they cannot have been Magyars, *because* they were a branch of the Sarmatians. But we think this unduly assumes that “Sarmatians” was a term designating a single race. As the Greeks said Scythians, so did the Latins *Sarmatians*, to denote all the roving tribes of the great country north of the Black Sea. When Tacitus, for instance, speaks in one place of the Iazyges, in another of the Rhoxolani, as Sarmatian nations, he shows his belief that both came from Sarmatia, but not that they were both of the same blood or language, about which he perhaps knew nothing.

It is amusing to see the Nemesis of Logic scourging the upholders of the *Caucasian* theory. The proud believers in the immaculate and inimitable European blood scorned the idea that the Ottoman Turks had become beautiful by the effect of fine climate and healthy habits, and insisted that it was from intermarriage with beautiful *Caucasian*

females. But lo! the greatest authorities we have,—Dr. Latham and Mr. Norris,—pronounce these Caucasians to be Mongolidae, more nearly akin to Chinese than to Europeans. Latham alleges, that all the error on the subject was produced by the skull of *one* Georgian female, which, happening to be the finest in Blumenbach's collection, seemed to that excellent investigator a sufficient reason for bestowing the epithet Caucasian on all well-skulled races. The next step was, to infer that all men with good skulls were of a single race, fitly called Caucasian: and the last,—that these races had been diffused from the Caucasus as their centre!

The Armenians, according to Latham, are a sort of link or transitional race, which may ultimately perhaps explain the relations of Mongolidae and Iapetidae. The Albanians, whom Prichard unhesitatingly makes Indo-European, Latham to our surprise is disposed to connect with the old Iberians, as members of old Europe *before* the Iapetidae flooded it. If this view has much support, it may be hoped that the Albanian will help to understand the transition from the Iberian to the Iapetic tongues.

We hardly think that Latham is as conscious as he ought to be, of the lame conclusion in which his science for the present leaves us. It teaches that the great Iapetids who have filled Europe and affected the world far beyond all other parts of the human family, did not originate in Europe, but came from Asia: yet it scarcely allows to Asia any power of generating Iapetids. In Persia itself, Latham imagines, the race has died out! There is certainly something wrong here. It has been seen that Latham, with Prichard, believes in the power of climate and habits to change the type of human races:—we also believe it; under the condition of *ample time*. But if this be the correct view, then the Iapetid peculiarities are to be more anxiously referred to localities; and we are to believe that in long time Europeans would have become what they are, had Europe been peopled by Mongolians. In fact, we are not aware that the old Iberians, who are *not* Iapetids in language, were in talents or beauty surpassed by them. Persia also, in spite of its vast infusion of Tartar population, continues in all its warmer valleys to produce the same handsome type of men and

women as Persepolitan sculptures exhibit and as Xenophon praised.

In an article on Pickering in our February number, we expressed our dissent from the arbitrary (indeed *false*) assumption, that the unity of the human species *means* descent from a single pair. We are sorry to see Latham reproduce this among his apophthegms as a definition of species, justifying it on the ground that it "has the advantage of being founded upon a fact *capable of being ascertained*." Strange! when this is precisely what no one can ascertain;—that the Creator did *not* produce at once a thousand human pairs, for mutual defence and comfort, and to promote the development of mind, *but* left one to multiply under all risks. But we cannot admit that the unity of our species is a phrase which any one may define at pleasure. Does not every dog in the street know all other dogs to be of the same species with himself, and all men to be of the same species one with another? Does any dog who has lost his master ever hesitate what what sort of animals may, and what may not, furnish a new master for him? And shall it be pretended that man does not know man to be of the same species with himself by a direct perception? The popular heart here judges more certainly than scholastic intellect:—

"As the clear sky seen in a waveless river,
As the green leaves above and grass below,
As o'er the fly-shaped flow'r the fly's wings quiver,
And as twin stars each other's motion show,
As with one wind two distant palm-trees shiver,
Both eyes keep time, both cheeks together glow;—
Thus in the single nature of mankind
Heart beats with heart, and mind responds to mind."

John Sterling.

Of the condensed learning contained in the book before us, we have scarcely given the reader an idea; but we may add, the reasonings are almost entirely those of literature, not of physiology, and although it is a worthy addition to Prichard, it is essentially supplementary, and does not attempt to work out great principles from the foundation. Nor does he (as far as we see) attempt to grapple with the difficult inquiry concerning the order of migrations,

and the relation of the Sanscritical to the Egyptian and Assyrian populations which has of late received a new impulse. But the author honestly professes only his contribution (and it is a large one) to a large subject.

At the same time we sometimes wish that he would exhibit his arguments more fully. Once or twice he refers us to what he has written for the Philological Society of London; but the books of that Society are not to be bought, and a short paper might well be reprinted. When he argues that the Slavonic area in the east of Germany has not increased since the Christian era, we cannot understand, even from his paper in the Philological, what reason he has to reject the very distinct testimony of Velleius Paterculus and of Strabo, that under Maroboduus their contemporary the Marcomanni were masters and occupants of Bohemia. He seems to *assume* that this is a mistake; otherwise he could hardly urge the mere absence of records of the Tchech invasion as any proof that the Tchechs were in possession of Bohemia before the Christian era. Altogether, Dr. Latham is too concise and abrupt in his mode of arguing; so that he is apt rather to surprise and perplex than convince. But he is rich in suggestion, fresh and searching in his theories, eminently learned, and of untiring enthusiasm. With such abilities, the longer he lives and writes, the more he will overcome a certain over-dryness of style which rises out of his effort at scientific exactness.

ART. III.—AUGUST NEANDER.

Zum Gedächtniss August Neanders. Berlin, 1850.

Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben. Berlin, July 27, August 3, 1850.

BERLIN has been again excited by the spectacle of a public funeral. The last solemn procession which swept through her streets convoyed to the grave the bodies of those who fell in the riots subsequent to the Revolution of March, 1850. It was a procession sufficiently impressive to all who beheld it: stirring military music at a religious ceremony: long files of armed citizens following to the tomb citizens like themselves, who had courted and found a violent death by their own doors: faces where hatred and revenge had usurped the place of sorrow—all directed the observer's attention less to the present loss, than to the promises they contained of future storm. The contrast between this and the last public funeral was very marked. The Bible borne in solemn procession: the Academy of Arts and Letters represented by its officers: the University, by seventy professors and a long train of students: the City, by many of its most respectable citizens, seemed to testify to some great public loss. There was more respect, and less passion; more resignation, yet less hope. For to take the place of the citizens, who had fallen, as they thought, in defence of constitutional liberty, there were thousands ready: to fill the Professor's chair of him whom Berlin had now lost, Europe could find not one. Professors mourned the death of the ever gentle colleague, whose learning cast a reflected lustre on their own body, and whose loving wisdom promoted their harmonious co-operation. Students deplored the venerated teacher, yet still more the kind and patient and sympathizing friend. Even the people felt they should miss from their streets *his* peculiar figure, whose charity and whose eccentricities were alike the subject of their daily gossip. The religious public of Germany felt that they had lost much in losing August Neander.

Another circumstance contributed to deepen the general
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sorrow. Neander was the last of the theologians whom, when young men, Frederick William III. had invited to make and establish a reputation for his infant University at Berlin. Schleiermacher, the eldest, and in some sense the teacher of all, Preacher and Christian Philosopher, had first departed. Then Marheineke, less celebrated abroad, yet not less known at home as the exponent of Lutheran doctrine. Prussia, in the days of flourishing despotism, had cast out De Wette, whose deep and various learning had conquered the whole domain of Biblical Criticism,—and in 1849 he died at Basle: having more than once refused to quit a city which had sheltered him in his adversity, for an ungrateful mother country. And now Neander, the Historian of the Church, had soon followed his old colleague—and it was felt that the theological faculty of Berlin was wholly dependent for its reputation on the talent, the learning, and the piety of another generation. The important influence of individual professors, on the well-being of a University, can hardly be understood from the analogy of English Life. The death or removal of its best mathematical teachers would not lessen the number of students at Cambridge: nor would Oxford fail if all her professors were simultaneously to migrate to the University of London. There is too little competition in England for a University to undergo many variations of prosperity. But in Germany, where almost every capital of every petty principality boasts its High-School: and where the complicated machinery of private tuition, which serves to sustain at an equal level, the general character of a place of education, is unknown—a celebrated Professor draws after him, wherever he goes, a crowd of students. They do not expect the personal attention which a tutor at Oxford, or a Professor in University College, London, devotes to the capabilities and defects of each member of his class. Their object is to listen to the men most celebrated in each particular branch of science. And while an Englishman would look for such in the church, at the bar, or at all events not in University Lecture-rooms, the German knows that they will almost invariably be found employed, really or ostensibly, in the work of tuition. A Rückert may read a lecture every third year, and report himself absent the other two: a

Lepsius may spend session after session in Egypt, while his name still graces the list of professors, but their nominal connection with the University is the pretext for a state pension under the name of salary. And thus while a Professor of talent and reputation commands a full audience like an Athenæum or Mechanics' Institute Lecturer with us, it is not to be wondered at that the labours of a teacher like Neander, whose learning had won him an European reputation, whose writings were read wherever Church History was studied, who had no equal in the conscientiousness with which he discharged his public duties, or in the unwearied kindness which characterized his private intercourse with his pupils,—should be intimately bound up with the success and reputation of the theological teaching in his University. We shall endeavour, in the following pages, to describe him as presenting almost the whole characteristics of a Christian Teacher.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born at Göttingen, January 16th, 1789. His parents were Jews, and educated their son in their own religious principles. When he was very young, they removed to Hamburg—a city which Neander always regarded as his home, and to the excellent institutions of which he was indebted for great part of his education. As his relations were wretchedly poor, and had great difficulty in providing for his support at College, even according to the very moderate scale of a German student's expenses, we may conclude that most of his early training was gratuitous. In his sixteenth year, he was converted to Christianity, and proceeded to study first at Halle, and afterwards at Göttingen. Of his University life we know little. His physical disadvantages, combined with his sensitive modesty, made him shy—but he bore the reputation of great learning, and piety, rare in one so young. An anecdote of this period of his life, is so characteristic of the man of whom the youth was father, that we cannot forbear to narrate it. Neander was, as we have said, very poor—nor let the idea of a poor student be a sizarship at an English University, or a lodging in London, with the smallest possible share of English comforts. Goethe, in his "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," tells of a student who went to bed at dusk, because he could not

afford lamp oil : and we have ourselves known one, who, when he could no longer endure the intense cold of a German winter, did the same, because unable to pay for a fire. Such instances are not uncommon : as is proved by the fact, that the young Neander suffering thus, found a student so much poorer than himself as to be in actual danger of starvation. It was discovered not long after—accidentally, for Neander would never have revealed it—that he had divided his scanty store with his absolutely penniless acquaintance, and that both had lived for six weeks on bread and water only. It is such quiet heroism of self-denial as this, which the “Father who seeth in secret” will one day openly reward.

From Göttingen he returned to Hamburg, where he resided for a short time. But in 1811 he removed to Heidelberg, and occupied himself in writing his first work, “The Emperor Julian and his Age,” published at Leipzig in 1812. It was now at once seen that he possessed no ordinary talent for the study of Ecclesiastical History. In the same year he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and invited after a few months to become Ordinary Professor in the same faculty, in the infant University of Berlin : where he laboured assiduously and successfully for 38 years. His life, during that period, is void of all events, save the successive publication of his very numerous works, and the steady growth of his reputation. It was free even from those domestic vicissitudes—by which most men reckon up their joys and sorrows—for he never married. His sister—who was old enough to have watched over him when young, and still survives to lament her irreparable loss—tended him with unwearied love, and exercised an influence over him, compounded of reverence for his virtues and talent, and of authority arising from her superior knowledge of the world, which perhaps no wife could have successfully assumed. And thus, like Elia and his sister Bridget, they lived together in uninterrupted harmony : and like them, too, commanded universal respect on the score of their mutual love, and their simple and gentle kindness to others. There are stories enough of the annoyances to which the wives of literary men have subjected their husbands ; of the cavalier predilections of Milton’s first wife, and the follies of

Dryden's aristocratic helpmate—but the theological world has reason to thank the sister of Neander, that she never sought to deter her brother from the life of literary quiet, where he achieved so much distinction, by drawing him, for her own gratification, into the round of social pleasures for which he was singularly ill fitted by nature and habit.

Yet these thirty-eight years of deep diving into the Fathers, and exploring old libraries, and writing Church History, and exposition of Scripture—though affording little to relate in detail, were laborious enough, and not without result. To this a goodly range of octavos on very many periods of Christian History—from the Life of Christ to the Life of St. Bernard : pamphlets and monographs of every variety of subject difficult of enumeration : daily lectures on every conceivable Theological topic—Philosophy, Doctrine, History, Biblical Criticism : and the numberless hearts he won—hearts now mourning his loss all over Germany and England and America—abundantly testify. Indeed a chief characteristic of the man, was his capacity for continuous labour. Work was an essential part of his religious faith and practice. It is true, his whole soul was in his vocation, and, therefore, toil was delightful to him. This characteristic manifested itself not only in the magnitude of his literary achievements, but even more in his daily habits and conduct. The students remarked that Neander was somewhat of a hard master—for he conceived himself wanting to his duty, if he availed himself of even the most valid excuse to omit a lecture, short of absolute necessity. In a German University a Lecturer does not hold himself very strictly bound by the legal definition of the length of a session, but Neander's holidays were always shorter than those of any one else. The latter part of his life was full of touching examples of this characteristic. When worn by disease, and so far blind, as to be unable to write more than his name, he dictated Popular Expositions of the Epistles for the periodical which stands at the head of this Article, and which was conducted by one of his pupils. When attacked by his last illness he persisted in his usual labours, and answered the expostulations of his sister with an impatience very strange to his usually saint-like temper :—"Leave me alone. Cannot every day labourer work when he will, and wilt thou not let me do the same ?"

When, on the same night, his physician had pronounced the symptoms highly dangerous—he was with difficulty persuaded to issue a notice for the suspension of his lectures, and then limited the suspension to a day. Even at last, when his mental powers were impaired, he fancied himself in the University, and commenced a lecture on New Testament Exegesis:—then called for paper that he might commit to writing the subjects of his lectures in the ensuing session—and finally, dictated for some time a portion of his unfinished History, taking up the subject where he had left it a few days before, and carrying it forward in a regular connection of ideas, to the end of a chapter. Then, with the words, “I am weary, and will go to sleep; good night,”—he fell asleep indeed. Was there ever a more touchingly characteristic close to a life of conscientious labour? The Christian Soldier died in harness.

This conscientiousness was no where more strikingly exhibited than in the performance of his University duties. As we have before said, a connection with a University is an object of ambition to the German man of letters, as giving him a position in the world, and a fixed though often small income. This once obtained, many of them, and especially men of literary celebrity, are content to perform merely routine duties: to read year after year the same courses of lectures, and employ the leisure thus gained to extending and establishing their reputation. If that reputation be but wide enough, they will be sure of full classes, even though—as we know to be true of a distinguished living scholar—sons should hear the lectures their fathers heard before them. The case was widely different with Neander. He did indeed regularly go through, in a fixed number of courses, the whole subject of Church history. But this was only a small portion of his public labours. He devoted fully as much time to other theological topics—perhaps with a preference for Christian Morals, and the Exposition of the New Testament. Nor did these latter prelections form part of any cycle: at least, if so, the cycle was so large, that observing students never discovered the law of their recurrence. He seemed to consider Theological Education as his chief work, and first duty: and thus, whatever

new train of thought arose in his own mind, whatever new investigation occupied his time,—was soon carried to the University for the benefit of his pupils. And when there, it was plain that his heart was in the work. His lecture was no hour's mechanical and lifeless reading, from a worn and discoloured MS. It was extempore, and the bystander could not but wonder as he poured forth names, dates, facts, and even long quotations from the capacious storehouse of his memory. Once behind the well-known desk, and with the accustomed array of benches before him,—and the shy student, who glided along the passages of the University with downcast eye, and stealthy step as if to shun recognition—might have excited ridicule by the odd enthusiasm of his gestures, had he not at once disarmed it, by the evident sincerity which glowed within. Nor was this labour, at least, without reward. His lecture-room, the largest in the University building, has been known to contain a class of 400 students.

His influence over his pupils was, however, acquired and exercised far less in the lecture-room than beyond its walls. He sought every opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with each. The custom of a German University compels every student to wait personally upon the Professor he intends to hear. This occasion Neander always seized to inform them, that his society, his advice, if need be his help—were ready for each. One evening in the week was spent with a chosen few in reading some Greek or Latin father: and in discussion on a subject previously announced, which Neander himself led. On another he kept open house for all who attended his classes. A curious scene his library was, on such Saturday evenings. Shelves piled to the roof: doors, and even window-frames, hung with prints: bird-cages hung from the ceiling: folios on every table but one, and on nearly every chair: busts and models wherever possible. In the midst of this confusion sat the kind old man, in his tattered library gown, with a smile and warm grasp of the hand for every comer. Forms there were none. No introduction was necessary; if unknown the guest merely stated his name, and stumbled to a seat as best he might, over prostrate Fathers of the Church. The one table, not book-laden, held the materials for tea: each helped him-

self: and the host discoursed, or conversed, as the case might be, on topics chiefly of religious or social interest—ever as ready to listen as to speak. Again no Sunday passed, but a company of Students, with others, assembled round the Professor's hospitable board: the company somewhat more select, and the topics of conversation more varied. These may seem to some persons trivial details. They are nevertheless the facts which account for Neander's extraordinary influence for good over his pupils. Few teachers have ever been loved as he was. Nor can any details of so noble an influence, so holy a life, be rightly considered trivial by the student of the Christian Character.

There was, however, one characteristic of his mind, peculiarly adapted to engage and secure both love and confidence:—namely, the child-like simplicity and guilelessness of his kindness. As an old pupil enthusiastically says:—

"All that he said and did was truth. The peculiarity of his demeanour was simply this—that without concealment or embarrassment, he was himself. The inner and outer man were in him the same. Naked, unprotected, guileless as a child he stood before the outer world—guarded from every rude touch, only by the atmosphere of Divinity which surrounded him. * * * It was this openness which kept all that was merely outward, at a distance from Neander. With him nothing was only a form. What other men do because they are more or less accustomed to it, received at his hands the spirit which had at first originated it. His grasp of the hand, his greeting, his inquiry after your health, were all real and true. At his How do you do? it was impossible to preserve the indifference with which one usually hears the question: his voice and manner showed that he was really anxious to know. And he had too a gift of observation and remembrance of accidental indications of this kind, which neither *savoir vivre*, nor general kindliness of heart—but only love can give."—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, &c., Aug. 3.

A little incident once witnessed by ourselves, though somewhat laughable, strongly shows this childlike kindliness of heart. He one day received a letter from the wilds of Western America, from a correspondent who to the characteristic assurance of the Yankee, joined the share of that quality

usually possessed by the collector of autographs. He was a perfect stranger to our good Professor, yet had written to make the three modest requests following: that Dr. Neander would send his autograph: that the said autograph should be in the form of a long letter giving a sketch of the then state of Theology and Religion in Germany: and that the Professor would also procure and send the autographs of Niebuhr and A. von Humboldt. Would Dr. Whewell or any other Cambridge notability, believe that Neander not only immediately set about executing the commission, but refused to be persuaded by an English friend that there was anything impudent or unreasonable in the request? But to return to the serious part of the subject. Can we wonder that this man won the hearts of all who knew him, and was the subject of their most enthusiastic admiration, when we remember that he added to this simple kindness a self-denying benevolence, which knew no bounds, save the entreaties and expostulations of his friends. Let the following anecdote display the man: the self-denial was exercised on behalf of the student whom we have above quoted, then lying on his death bed:—

“ Our departed friend had been long ill, and was unable to procure the comforts necessary for his condition. In this necessity, the friend who nursed him went with heavy heart to Neander. He, when the former had endeavoured to break the matter to him with some little circumlocution, went up to him in great trouble, and begged to be told the plain state of the case. The friend named the sum which would be necessary. Neander rubbed his hands together, anxious and perplexed. He never had money at his own disposal. He went up and down his library, and looked at his books one after another as a father looks at his children. All at once he stopped before a large volume in costly binding, one of the most valuable books in his library, and all the more valuable, from the fact that only a few copies had been printed and distributed by the author. He took the book, laid it in the hands of the applicant, and said, ‘ Money I have none: but take this, and try to sell it—but take care to do it secretly—no one must know.’ The seal is now taken from the mouth, so long closed. He alone who knows what his books were to Neander—how he denied himself the necessities of life to be extravagant in books, what a bond of love and gratitude existed between him and them, can fully

estimate the magnitude of the gift, when he offered on the altar of his God the dearest treasure which his house contained."—*Deutsche Zeitschrift*, &c., July 27.

We have lingered so long over the character of the Christian Teacher, as to have left ourselves but little time for the Church Historian and the Theologian—yet as the former Neander is most widely known out of Germany. And the first characteristic of the Historian we remark, is a Christian impartiality, produced by the childlike simplicity of love which we mentioned as displayed in his daily habits. Church history has too frequently been written with a definite dogmatic purpose; with fixed intent to find in the progress of Christianity—ever moulding itself to the specific wants of the age and nationality of its disciples—only the development of a creed. Others again have treated it—not as if there were but one truth and no other, but as if there were no truth at all: as if Cerinthus and John: Manes and Augustine: Leo and Luther, were developments of Christ equally worthy of consideration and regard. Whereas, we conceive that it can be rightly written only by one, who, himself apprehending the essence of the Gospel apart from dogmatic forms, having been made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," "from the law of sin and death," is not only willing but anxious to trace the operation of the same Spirit in the lives of those whose conception of "the form of sound doctrine" is different from his own. For neither indifference, which is careless of truth: nor bigotry, which is ignorant of love: can write the history of those Good Tidings, which are at once both truth and love. In such a spirit, if we apprehend him rightly, did Neander write the history of the Church. His vast learning made him familiar with the whole data of Church History. The dry bones were all there—how to inform them with life? And for the accomplishment of this problem, his heart, so filled with a wide and generous love of all fellow disciples real or so-called: his mind, so humble, so childlike, so divested of all forms and prejudices, were peculiarly fitted. Hence the power of entering into the peculiarities of the Christian Life—so manifested in his popular "Memorabilia of the Christian Life in the first centuries."

Hence too the reproach sometimes made against him that he has written the history of the invisible than of the visible church : of the Kingdom of God silently making its way among the hearts of men, rather than of the hypocrisy, the worldliness, the unreality, the untruthfulness, which have too often disgraced so-called Christian sects.

To this almost universal appreciation of the merits of different forms of Christian Faith, there was however one somewhat remarkable exception. He was accustomed to speak with little liking or respect of Unitarians in England and America. He was wont to class them with the least religious of German Rationalists. The fact we think is not altogether inexplicable, when we consider the character and habits of the man. He lived almost entirely in the past. He was little conversant with the present condition of any church, save of that mixed Lutheranism and Calvinism, which constitutes the Prussian establishment : and in which he himself held office. Thus judging of English Unitarianism by the doctrines of Priestley and Belsham : and knowing of their successors only that they had adopted many of the results in Biblical Criticism attained by German Rationalists—he thence hastily concluded, that, like theirs, the religion of Unitarians was a religion of the intellect rather than of the soul. We are not aware that he was a very strenuous opponent of the distinctive Unitarian doctrine. But his idea of Christianity was of a scheme of reconciliation. The two great facts which underlay his whole religious system were, that man needed reconciliation with God : and had obtained it through Christ. How he imagined that reconciliation to be effected, might be a question somewhat difficult to answer. But the Unitarianism of the last century being a reaction not only against the doctrines of the Trinity, but against those of a vicarious atonement and original sin, had, as we think, run into the opposite extreme : and in protesting against the exaggeration of the sinful half of man's nature, had perhaps too little considered the existence of sin, and the accompanying spiritual phenomena. Whether that sin be original, in the sense of dogmatic theologians, is a question of minor importance : that it exists in every individual soul is matter of common

consciousness: that the bar which it interposes between man and God may be removed, is the great revelation of Christianity. Thus Neander considered, that the Unitarians of the present day as well as their predecessors, failed to perceive the necessary purpose of the whole Christian Revelation: and though he would be the last to deny the privileges of the Christian name and brotherhood, he yet never felt himself drawn to them by any vivid sympathy. With the justice of his conclusions respecting Unitarianism past and present, we have here no concern: those who held the doctrines he condemned, shared equally with others his liberal hospitality, and every ready courtesy and aid.

In the form of his *History*, Neander did not display the qualities of an artist. He had bad examples before him, and a somewhat cumbrous instrument with which to work. German style is—from the very nature of the language—very generally deficient in point and liveliness: and German scientific works are too often written in happy ignorance of the necessity of style at all. The student of Neander's *History* must not therefore expect to find in his pages either the epigrammatic liveliness of Gibbon, or the easy perspicuity of Hume. He had neither the imagination requisite to make him a word-painter, nor the fervid rhetoric, which so often strives to supply its place. But he succeeds in building up his vast mass of materials into a simple and harmonious, if not a splendid edifice. The reader's attention is not unduly called, for the general effect, to the consideration of unimportant details. The results of profound learning and patient investigation are presented in an unpretending and intelligible form: there is little controversy with his fellow-labourers in the same field, and no animosity against them: and the decisions between rival theories, and conflicting statements, are those not only of a mind not only unprejudiced, but itself clear and sound. Yet, most of all, the reader is enticed on by the conviction, which cannot but dawn upon him from every page, that he has to do with one, who is not writing for love of lucre or reputation, but because he is one in spirit with the invisible Head of that Church, whose annals he records—who writes of Christianity, not as a

remarkable historical phenomenon the progress of which will make a good book—but as God's appointed means for bringing all mankind to a knowledge of Himself.

It is necessary that we should say something of the theological opinions of one, who by his writings and personal intercourse has exercised so wide and deep an influence over the present generation of German theologians. The task is by no means easy—nor are we aware that it is likely to lead to any profitable result. We will therefore be very brief. Neander occupied a middle position between the two contending schools of extreme Supernaturalists and extreme Rationalists: between the schools which assume Scripture, as the organ of Revelation, to be the basis of religion and the criterion of Philosophy: and that which altogether subjects the Bible to the abstract conclusions of the human intellect. Whether or not he consciously strove to occupy this position we know not. It was the fortune of his life to have to contend alternately against the extremes on either side of him. At one time he was vindicating the liberty of Biblical Criticism, at another defending it from license. But the truth is, that the historic and the philosophic mind are rarely conjoined in one person. The historian is too dependent on the statements and conclusions of others: too much accustomed to weigh evidence, and extract an average of truth, to be able to follow boldly and independently a train of abstract reasoning to its ultimate consequences: especially in a case where the adoption of such consequences results in opposition to a great majority of thinkers on the same subject. No doubt there are subjects in which the "*in medio tutissimus ibis*" is justly applicable to the discovery of truth. But even in those it is rather practically safe, than theoretically true; and in the case of Religious Truth, above all others, can lead only to ill-founded principles, vague statements, and hasty assumptions. Such, we say it reverently, have seemed to us the practical faults of Neander's theological opinions: so far as his somewhat cloudy written statements, and evident disinclination to converse on doctrinal subjects, allowed a student or observer to form a conclusion. He recoiled from the orthodoxy which he himself disbelieved: yet recoiled equally from the heterodoxy, to which his own principles, logically carried out, would inevitably have led.

Something, too, may be attributed to the fears of a spiritually-minded and deeply religious man, lest in departing too far from the form of doctrine in which he had originally received Christianity, he should lose those practical benefits, which were the blessings of his daily life. And as we do not the less love Howard for his narrow-minded Calvinism; nor Fletcher for his enthusiastic Methodism—so in this case, too, we will not quarrel with the Saint, because he was not Prophet too.

One word more, and we have done. Neander, like many other German theologians of eminence, was a layman; and as such he presented an example, not altogether unprofitable to be regarded both in Germany and England, of one who by no means imagined that Theology may be studied on the same terms as any other science: or that the requisites for a successful theologian are no more than those for a successful astronomer. In Germany there are many who take up Theology as a profession: in Germany and England there are no few, who, profaning the inmost sanctuary, make Religion a profession too. Against such, the whole life of August Neander is an accusing example. The saint-like purity of his daily life: his consuming devotion to the duty of Christian labour: the quiet self-denial, which was the habit of his soul, prove how sincerely he believed the truth of his favourite motto, that it is neither profoundest learning, nor most vigorous intellect, nor most fervid eloquence, but "*pectus est quod facit theologum*"—the heart which makes the theologian.

ART. IV.—EASTERN MONACHISM.

Eastern Monachism. An account of the origin, laws, discipline, sacred writings, mysterious rites, religious ceremonies and present circumstances of the order of Mendicants founded by Gótama Budha (compiled from Singhalese MSS. and other original sources of information), with comparative notices of the usages and institutions of the Western Ascetics, and a review of the Monastic System. By R. Spence Hardy, Member of the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. London. 1850.

Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme Indien. Par E. Burnouf, de l'Institut de France. Tome Premier. Paris. 1844.

It is almost universally allowed that the course of events obliges the English people to undertake the government and guidance of the nations of Hindostan; but it can hardly be said while we have the pride of victory, that we justly feel the responsibilities of conquest. If there were, indeed, present to the minds of Statesmen all the anxieties, toils, perils and slaughter which Foreign rule necessitates, they would pause in anxiety instead of pressing our troops on at double speed. The difficulties of Ireland may re-appear in other possessions, and a Hindoo agitator at the head of a hundred millions might raise troubles that would not terminate in a Smith O'Brien cabbage-garden; and as it becomes increasingly evident, that in the time of persons now living the United States will be more populous and wealthy, and in particular have greater power to strike any where on the Pacific than ourselves, if we wish to keep our place in the East we must cultivate the affections of the people, whom we now treat too much *de haut en bas*. The very perfection of our government is a source of danger. We have been accepted as the arbiters of Native quarrels; but while disorders die away before our strong arm we have to fear the enmity of an unreconciled and united population. We must, then, either apply the dia-

bolic maxim, *divide et impera*, or so impress ourselves upon the Hindoos as the representatives of justice and wisdom, that they shall fear to fight against us as against God himself. To enable us to play this higher part which as yet we cannot sustain, it is necessary that we should study every peculiarity of the Hindoo character and position, so that we may guide the subject-population not only to the payment of taxes but, as it were, in spite of itself, to science and the higher virtues. In this respect it is imperative to bear in our recollection that the religion of a people is the key to its mind, and that the study of this will unlock for us the stores of its speculation, the objects for which it strives and the purpose for which it imagines that it exists. We would say therefore that the first preparation for any Statesman who aspires to rule the Hindoos, should be to study their Religion as the only means by which he will get a clue to the rationale of their customs and manners. On this ground alone we should welcome the works that stand at the head of our article, as signs that men are beginning to be alive to the necessity of this higher study: but we imagine that a still greater benefit will arise therefrom to ourselves, namely, a more convincing certainty of the value of Religion and the necessity of obeying her laws. Among the more energetic part of our population, who seek adventure in the colonies, and give the tone to a great deal of public sentiment, an utter indifference to religion is apparent, and indeed is cherished, from the supposed ease and advantage which it gives to a man in mingling with and pushing his fortune in all companies. But if we are to hold our possessions by superiority of mind, and not by cunning, we must seek that superiority from the only power who has it to bestow. It may be said of religious men in general, that they are too cramped and isolated in their sympathies. All the Religions of the world are correlative and supplementary to one another, and he who confines his studies to one sect has as narrow a mind as the rustic who sees nothing beyond his native village. The circle of Religious truth is completed when all the Religious speculations of the world have been mastered; for as the positive electricity of one pole is balanced by the negative electricity of the other, so the Spiritual magnetism of the world is only complete in the

whole. No nation is so admirably placed as our own for the acquisition of the knowledge of the various religions of the world, for either by conquest or by commerce we come into contact with all. We would advise, then, those statesmen in our Indian possessions who are or desire to appear of serious mind, not to aim after the shallow evangelicism at present popular among them, but to prove the vigour of their thought by attempts to comprehend the religion of the peoples among whom they are situated. One inestimable advantage would immediately follow, that is, a respect for that quietism of the populations which makes them so easy to govern. Their apathy is not the result of nature so much as a dictate of their religion, which drives all the thoughts inwards to metaphysical reverie, and to the prayers by which the heavens are to be won; their ideal is placed in the world of contemplation—ours in that of action. But were the energy of their minds turned outwards, their rulers might sigh to think that the Hindoos had exchanged the quietude of a venerable religion for the furies of a worldly career. Mr. Hardy, the author of the work on *Eastern Monachism*, has been for a number of years a Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon. The very title of his work promising so much more than any one can perform, may show that he has not been accustomed to what scholars understand by the word research; but he has the in some respects more valuable learning which is acquired by studying the literature of a people in the midst of themselves, and by the light of an intimate acquaintance with their manners and modes of worship. Hence we feel that his abstracts from and translations of the Buddhist Scriptures can be relied upon, as faithful; and though the controversial attitude of the Missionary who desires to take all the points upon his buckler which Eastern or Western Monks can raise is too apparent, yet he has a certain natural aptitude for the study, reminding us of Adam Clarke, and we trust that his advertised work on the *Life and System of Gótama Budha* will not remain unprinted for want of encouragement. It would be disgraceful to the country to have in it a man possessed of such uncommon information who is not allowed the means of giving it to the world. We would advise him, however, not to swell his work by controversy and speculation, but to

transcribe only what he has learnt from the traditions of the people, and their sacred writings.

The work by M. Burnouf is as generally interesting as it is possible to make the subject. It must be confessed that while there is nothing so interesting to men as their own Religion—their own means of ascending to the throne which is dark with excess of light—there is nothing so dull and repugnant to their feelings as the religions of others, which to them appear nothing but the blackness of darkness. A great part of M. Burnouf's volume consists in translations of the lives of Buddhist saints, and though these abound in that tedium and repetition which seems peculiar to the records of the religious, we have found them extremely interesting from the novelty of character they disclose. There is indeed a peculiar delicacy, and, so to speak, fragrance in M. Burnouf's language, which makes us sometimes doubt whether he does not translate the Sanscrit into Western sentiment. Yet as the lives of men are more interesting than mere disquisition, his volume is well adapted to convey a knowledge of the spirit of the Religion.

It is to the praise of Buddhism that no faith presents the essentials of a Religion in a more direct form. Its four fundamental propositions are—that sorrow exists—that it is the lot of every one who is born—that it is necessary to free oneself from it, and that it is by knowledge alone that we can be freed.

The melancholy reflectingness of the Religion and the dissatisfaction with earth are readily comprehended by every one. It is the song even of the Sensualist, that

“There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay.”

But the knowledge which conquers grief and enables the Buddhist to enter Nirwana, where he throws off temporal and separate existence, and is annihilated or absorbed in the being of the Eternal, is with difficulty apprehended or imagined possible by the Western Sceptic. The meaning of the word Nirwana is a theme of constant dispute. We should apply to the Buddhist priests to explain the term they use; but they allow that there is no mortal now living who has had experience of the state: so that what

Gótama meant by the term must remain a matter of conjecture, and every one will interpret it according to his metaphysical leaning and spiritual experience. To us it seems probable that he meant no more than what Wordsworth sings—

“ Man who is from God sent forth,
Must yet again to God return.”

The sending forth from, and the return to, God, which are the great facts of our existence, can never be comprehended, and all study, however prolonged, leaves the subject still in a sublime mystery. The entrancing character, the ecstasy, the rapture, of that union with God, which Gótama called Nirwana, and which he had the power so to impress on his followers that three hundred and sixty millions of people now look up to him as their spiritual pattern, can only be investigated by us as the path of one of the fixed stars which mocks the telescope.

As the precepts of Gótama Budha were not written down till from 500 to 600 years after his death, no literal exactness can be supposed to exist in the record and in the legends of his life. But the following outline, drawn up by Mr. Hardy, in all probability preserves the spirit if not the facts of his existence :—

“ The father of Gótama Budha, Sudhódana, reigned at Kapilawastu, on the borders of Nepaul; and in a garden near that city the future sage was born, B.C. 624. At the moment of his birth he stepped upon the ground, and after looking around towards the four quarters, the four half quarters, above and below, without seeing any one in the ten directions, who was equal to himself, he exclaimed, ‘ I am the most exalted in the world; I am chief in the world; I am the most excellent in the world; this is my last birth; hereafter there is to me no other existence.’ Upon his person were certain signs that enabled the soothsayers to foretell that he would become a recluse, preparatory to his reception of the supreme Budhaship. Five days after his birth he obtained the name of Sidhárta, but he is more commonly known by the name of Sákya or Gótama, both of which are patronymics. When five months old he sat in the air, without any support, at a ploughing festival. When sixteen years of age he was married to Yasódhará, daughter of Suprabudha, who reigned at Kóli. The father of the predicted Budha having heard that it would be by the sight of four signs—

decrepitude, sickness, a dead body, and a recluse,—that he would be induced to abandon the world, commanded that these objects should be kept away from the places where he usually resorted; but these precautions were all in vain. One day, when proceeding to a garden at some distance from the palace, he saw an old man, whose trembling limbs were supported by a staff. Attracted by the sight, he asked his charioteer if he himself should ever be similarly feeble; and when he was told it was the lot of all men, he returned to the palace disconsolate. Four months afterwards he saw a leper, presenting an appearance utterly loathsome. Again, after the lapse of a similar period he saw a dead body, green with corruption, with worms creeping out of the nine apertures. And a year after the sight of the aged man he saw a recluse proceeding along the road in a manner that indicated the possession of inward tranquillity; modest in his deportment, his whole appearance was strikingly decorous. Having learned from his charioteer the character of this interesting object, he commanded him to drive on rapidly to the garden, where he remained until sunset, in unbounded magnificence, a vast crowd of attendants ministering to his pleasure, amidst strains of the most animating music. In the course of the day a messenger arrived to announce that the princess had been delivered of a son. This was the last occasion in which he indulged in revelry. On his return to the city, the most beautiful attendants at the palace took up their instruments, upon which they played in the most skilful manner, but the mind of the prince wandered away to other objects; and when they saw that they could not engage his attention they ceased to play and fell asleep. The altered appearance of the sleeping courtesans excited additional contempt for the pleasures of the world; as some of them began to gnash their teeth, whilst others unwittingly put themselves in unseemly postures, and the garments of all were in disorder, the splendour of the festive hall seemed to have been at once converted into the loathsomeness of a sepulchre. Roused by these appearances, Sidhártta called for his favourite charger, and having first taken a peep at his son from the threshold of the princess's apartment, who was asleep at the time, with her arm round her babe, he retired from the city, and when he had arrived at a convenient place assumed the character of a recluse. In the forest of Uruwela he remained six years, passing through a course of ascetic discipline; but as the austerities he practised led to no beneficial result, he reduced his daily allowance of food to a peppercorn, or some equivalent minimum, until his body was greatly attenuated, and one night he fell senseless to the ground from exhaustion. After this he went to another part of the forest, and under a Bo-tree, near which Budha Gaya was afterwards built, received the supreme Budhaship.

"In births innumerable, previous to this present state of existence as a man, he had set the office of a Budha before him as the object of his ambition; and in all the various states of existence through which he passed, animal, human and divine, had accomplished some end, or exercised some virtue, that better fitted him for its reception. Whilst under the Bo-tree he was attacked by a formidable host of demons, but he remained tranquil, like the star in the midst of the storm, and the demons, when they had exerted their utmost power without effect, passed away like the thunder-cloud retiring from the orb of the moon, causing it to appear in greater beauty. At the tenth hour of the same night, he attained the wisdom by which he knew the exact circumstances of all the beings that have ever existed in the infinite worlds; at the twentieth hour he received the divine eyes, by which he had power to see all things within the space of the Infinite systems of worlds, as clearly as if they were close at hand: and at the tenth hour of the following morning, or at the close of the third watch of the night, he attained the knowledge by which he was enabled to understand the sequence of existence, the cause of all sorrow, and of its cessation. The object of his protracted toils and numerous sacrifices, carried on incessantly through myriads of ages, was now accomplished. By having become a Budha, he had received a power by which he could perform any act whatever, and a wisdom by which he could see perfectly any object, or understand any truth, to which he chose to direct his attention."—*Eastern Monachism*, p. 1—4.

The attitude therefore in which Gótama stood to the world, was not that of a man lost in sin and pain, and who is seeking salvation from Eternal death; but that of one educated in all the highest pomp and splendour, who finds that the temporal cannot satisfy him, and who gives up all to seek the Eternal, and as a sign lives a beggar on the scraps given in charity. The same renunciation is the burden of the histories of other Buddhist Saints. For instance, that of Rathapála, who deserted home and fortune to become a mendicant: coming with his alms-bowl one day to his father's house, he was recognised, and was entreated to return.

"His father displayed before him all his wealth, and said to him, 'This is the property of your mother; this belongs to your father; the rest was inherited from our ancestors. Illustrious Rathapála, take possession of all this, become a laic once more, and gain merit by the giving of alms.' But he replied, 'If my advice were followed, all this gold, and all these jewels, and this wealth, would be placed upon waggons, taken to the Ganges or the Yamuna, and thrown into

the stream; for they cause only sorrow, lamentation, grief, distress and disappointment.' His wife then held him by the feet, and said, 'Have you abandoned the world for some celestial nymph? If so, tell me, what is the manner of her appearance?' He replied, 'Yes, it is for the sake of a celestial nymph that I have abandoned the world:' on hearing this, she fell down in a fit, from the excess of grief."—P. 40.

Then having received an alms of food, and delivered a philippic against the body, and praised the Nirwana, he departed. It is evident that the spiritualism derived from Wesley must grow pale before so powerful a religion as this, which still continues to drive men to the wilderness as by irresistible power. Unlike the Western monks who displayed their contempt for the body by allowing it to become defiled by the most intolerable filth and vermin, Budha prescribed the care of the person, and particularly of the teeth: yet some of his followers in the pursuit of spirituality, make themselves so unfit for earth, that Baron Hugel affirms that:—

"The Vedah, the solitary ape-like creature of Ceylon, who flies to trees to avoid us, and scarcely bears the semblance of humanity, is perhaps the only class from whom civilized man turns away with disgust; with him we seem to have nothing in common, we gaze on his appearance with astonishment, and the traveller in recording his existence, sighs to think of the degradation into which the human race has been plunged by sin."

We may say rather, here is a living proof of the intense power of the religious ecstasy over the mind, and we know not what benefits would accrue to men, were this power properly exercised, brought under control, and fitted for its tasks.

The peculiar merit ascribed to celibacy in this system, may have arisen controversially from the contest of the Buddhist teachers with the Brahmin caste. Gótama was a Protestant against the Religion of his country, and by proclaiming the possibility for men of every caste, to attain the highest spiritual rank, he cut the roots of Brahminical power. But he perceived, doubtless, as all others have done, how long is the course of study and meditation, (measuring from twenty to thirty years, from the time when the mind first stirs in youth with the problems of religion and duty,) before the soul reaches the perfection

of her powers, and is able to "peep out," and see for itself what is good. To secure the time, leisure and calmness necessary for this pursuit, men originally set apart certain sacred families as a caste, by whose meditations earth was joined to heaven. These castes were the civilizers of mankind; and in India, Egypt, Italy, Palestine, as among the Druids of our own Isle, gave the people the soul they could bestow. By degrees mankind revolted from their power, and men of genius rose in other ranks to proclaim the spiritual equality of men. But it is evident that if an individual is to assert himself against a caste, he must not encumber himself with the affairs of this world; hence, monkery arose, in the bosom of which individuals from every rank could find guidance and support, while their minds, like that of Brutus, suffered the nature of an insurrection till they gained the victory. That the Monastic system is less powerful than that of a Caste, India itself testifies, which has expelled the doctrine of Budha, and taken again to the Brahmins, who indeed are far more esteemed by the Europeans than the monks of Tibet, Ceylon or China; and Europe, which suppressed its Sacerdotal families, at the bidding of the Christian Monks, now expels Monkery with its rules of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience, with a scorn and contempt its principle does not deserve. But what institutions are we to have, by which to nurture the souls whom Nature compels to the Priesthood? Are they to live without honour and die without gain, and, like Rousseau, neither monks nor married, leave children to the charge of the Foundling Hospital? As things are, the mind of the nation vulgarizes every day; the spiritual refinement left by the monks wears out, but no other takes its place. Perhaps the English, like the Hindoos, must re-develop their Druid caste, with new organizations suited to the hour. The example of Greece is regarded by many, and is particularly referred to by Constant, as a sort of Model of what Europe should be, guided by Philosophers; but we think the example points the other way. It was as Heraclidæ (the descendants of the God Hercules, son of Jupiter, who accomplished the twelve labours, ridding earth of Monsters, and dragging Cerberus from Hell), that the Spartans displayed that heroic valour, temperance and fortitude,

which made them the bravest of the Greeks; and it was as God-descended through Ion that the Athenians, worshippers of Athene, the Goddess of wisdom, showed that divine skill in the arts which raised them to the first rank of Mankind, and made philosophy possible. For much as men admire the name of Socrates, if he were seen standing in any of our market places, his appearance would rouse the laughter of the people unaccustomed to see the worshippers of wisdom. Everything seems to point to the proof of the highest spiritual gifts being only developed in bodies which are specially set apart for their cultivation, and which for that reason are held in honour. When a man has passed his life in study, pursuing from youth to age some truth which guides him to Immortality, when the Nebulous mist is pierced by his persevering gaze and armed eyesight, and there is clearly revealed to him the Diamond point beyond, he finds perchance, like Kepler, that the labour of his life may be expressed in a hundred words. If he takes these into the Market, demanding only the cost of his support during so many years, he finds no purchaser of so small an article of doubtful value. He may perish and his family—while the Stump-rotator of the next generation points the moral and adorns the tale. The man himself may be satisfied—but is justice done? At all events the courage to meet this fate is not found in every street. Hence the folly of those who imagine that almost anybody of average talent can be trained by a University course to the higher offices. He to whom God has given the essential energy, can readily go through all monkish austerities: his only hope, his only fear, is connected with the task set before him. The worldliness of the European clergy is every where lamented; but why should men, selected as they are, be superior to the usual objects of pursuit,—

“Rich wives, wines, five courses, and ambition”?

The origin of the Monkery, which is now declining, is unknown. Our earliest record of its existence is, that under Gótama it struggled successfully with the Brahmin caste in Hindostan. He was not, like Mahomet, of a sacred tribe, or, as our Saviour, of a sacred family—but his Royal birth doubtless fitted him for his task. Many kings have

been thrown by misfortune, from a height as dazzling, to a penury more distressing than his. This then was not the remarkable part of his career, but his attaining that unknown state Nirwana, which is heaven. The key-notes of all religion and philosophy are taken from birth and death—whence we have come, whither we go: from the knowledge of these is deduced the duty of the present hour. It is well said that men have no possessions but in the future. Station and wealth are no advantage, but as they administer to our courage and hope. The past belongs to no man—the present is the sand falling through the glass—he then who has the most glowing and ardent hope, he who can shut himself up in a nutshell, and yet count himself King of Infinite space, is the richest among mortals. From these simple elements, the Buddhist Religion was born.

“ ‘We come,’ says Gótama, ‘to this weary, unsubstantial, fleeting existence, transmigrated from innumerable other existences, in which we have accumulated sins and merits, the reward or the punishment of which we feel in this life. There is no refuge from this tossing to and fro in life, but in God, the wise Budha—every man must become Budha before this weary longing will cease: besides, unless he strives, the next birth may be in hell, in a succession of hells, till sin is burnt out. But the attainment of supreme wisdom, and the conquest of the desire of existence, of wealth and pleasure, and whatever else leads to sin, can only be attained by meditation. Away, let us leave the world, that we may feed upon Eternal hope.’ ”

This sort of reflection so naturally leads to a Monastic life, that it has arisen even in Mahommedanism, though the prophet expressly forbade it. But having said in one place, “Poverty is my glory,” the Monastic life has built itself upon this maxim, and fanatic devotees are found in every part of Islam. When a man withdraws into perfect solitude to meditate, from want of intercourse with other minds, his own will either become brutish and stupid, and his thoughts revolve in one unvaried track, or he will occupy his leisure with Metaphysics, whence have arisen Philosophy, Geometry, and the pure Sciences—or his imagination will wander through infinitude, and create for itself a heaven and hell, peopled with the offspring of the brain. From this have arisen all the poetic forms with

which Mythologists have peopled the imaginative abodes of Gods and Demons. As these imaginative forms have made the Religions of Nations, we see how it is true that Poets have framed in solitude the Gods of men, and by sacred ties united Earth and Heaven. All these forms are to be found among the Buddhists; but as by the decay of their faith, the empire of Metaphysics and Poetry decays also, travellers usually report that the Priests are in an extreme degree dull and stupid, though it would be well if the Buddhist clergy was the only one liable to this reproach. It does not appear that the world is in any way indebted, for discoveries in abstract science, to the Hindoo recluses, as it has been to the Brahmins and the Western monks—the whole force of their minds seems to have been bent on the study of a narrow, though most important, subject of Metaphysics. Their description indeed of the steps of reflection, which lead to the Nirwana, being their account of the rise and progress of Religion in the soul, is the only sort of Metaphysics which has any permanent value, and amid the rubbish-mountains of their theories are some hints which are well worth attending to. As, however, this narrow course of thought cannot be the employment of a life, a great part of their time is spent in inculcating the true rules of behaviour, the manners of the Priesthood in the movements of the eyes and the body, as well as the due regulation of the thoughts; there too a gentleman may find hints on etiquette, not altogether useless to our Democratic populations, which imagine falsely that rude manners are the signs of honest hearts.

In the poetical or imaginative department, there is little that is not derived from the Brahmins—the recluse life is not favourable to the development of the engaging qualities of the Rhapsodist. The Hebrews obtained force of style by repeating an idea twice—the second line being an echo of the first. Among the Hindoos a certain calmness and semi-somnolency of style is obtained by repeating the same idea in the same words, four, five, or even more times. This absence of passion or spirit is the ideal of the Hindoos: the contemplative Budha is represented with his eyes half shut, to exclude the outer world. As it is impossible to have the mind in an excitement, without having all its qualities roused, and more difficult to run without

stumbling, than to walk slowly, the Hindoo's endeavour is to repress into Eternal calm all our emotions, and thus to resemble God. The attitude of the European is sword in hand—half wild with excitement, to meet an enemy, or to utter his tragic "*J'aire vous pleurez.*" The slow and steady pace of the Hindoo seems unmanly to such a character. But we might do well to tame our half savage steps into a more staid and self-restraining measure. The European reader must therefore arm himself with patience when he would read the life of a Buddhist Saint. The legend, however, of King Açôka is not without its interest. We translate and condense that part which relates the tragedy of his life, when his wife Tichyarakchita by stratagem, and without his knowing it, obtained from him an order to put out the eyes of his Son Kunâla, whom he had designed heir to his Kingdom. This son, celebrated for his personal beauty and his virtues, was governor of a distant city. When informed of the cruel order, the youth cried out :—

" 'The order is worthy of confidence, do what is commanded.' But the executioners declared that they had not courage, 'For he alone who would deprive the moon of her splendour, would tear out the eyes from thy visage, thou who resemblest the star of night.' But he urged them on, saying, 'When I consider the frailty of all things, and reflect on the counsels of my masters, I do not tremble, my friend, at the idea of punishment; for I know that mine eyes are perishable things.'

"While thus reflecting on the perishable nature of all things, he acquired the state of Crota âpatti, one of the most important in the way to Nirwana, and having lost the eyes of flesh, while the eyes of science were purified, he exclaimed :—

" 'The eye of flesh has been taken from me, but I have acquired the perfect and irreproachable eyes of wisdom.'

" 'If I am forsaken by the King, I become the son of the magnanimous King of the law, of which I am called the child.'

" 'If I have fallen from the supreme grandeur, which brings in its train so much pain and grief, I have acquired the supremacy of the law, which destroys pain and grief.'

"Some time after, learning the author of his misfortune, he cried, 'May she long preserve happiness, life and power, for she has employed means which have assured me so great an advantage.' Embracing then the life of a Mendicant, and with his princess begging his way, he went to his father's house, who was ignorant of what had befallen his son.

"Being prevented from entering the palace by the guard, they took refuge in the chariot-house. At day-break Kunâla began to touch the Vînâ, and to sing how his eyes had been torn out, and how the view of the truth had appeared to him, and he pronounced this stanza: The sage who sees with the pure light of science the eye and the other senses, is released from the law of transmigration. If thy spirit delivered to sin is tormented by the griefs of existence, and you desire happiness in this world, hasten to renounce for ever the objects of the senses. The King Açôka heard the songs of the Prince, and he said with a sentiment of joy, The songs of Kunâla, and the sounds of this Vînâ, which I have not heard for so long a time, are addressed to me. The Prince is returning to my dwelling, but he does not wish to see any person. Then calling one of his guards, the King said to him—'Do you not find a resemblance between this chant and that of Kunâla? The manner of singing betrays some trouble. This voice has strongly moved my soul; I am like the elephant, which having lost its young, should hear its voice. Go, then, and bring Kunâla to me.' The guard went immediately, and found Kunâla deprived of his eyes, his body burnt by the sun and wind; but not having recognised him, he returned to the King Açôka, and said to him—'Oh, King, this is not Kunâla, it is a blind beggar who, with his wife, is in the chariot-house.' At these words the King was troubled, and said—'This is the effect of the mournful dreams I have had; certainly this is Kunâla, whose eyes have been torn out;' and bursting into tears, he cried—'Bring this mendicant immediately into my presence; for my heart can find no calm in dreaming of the misfortune which may have struck my son.' The guard having returned, said to Kunâla—'Who is thy father, and what is thy name?' Açôka, replied he, 'is my father, and my name is Kunâla. But to-day I am the son of Budha, that descendant of the race of the Sun, who has established the Law.' Immediately Kunâla was conducted with his wife into the presence of the King Açôka. The King looked at him several times, but not recognising him, said—'Art thou Kunâla?' 'Yes,' replied the Prince, 'I am Kunâla.' At these words the King fainted, and fell upon the ground: coming to himself at the end of some moments, the King threw his arms round the neck of his son, and uttered complaints—his voice interrupted with sobs. 'Formerly at the sight of eyes like those of the Kunâla I called my son Kunâla. To-day, when these eyes are put out, how can I continue to give this name to him. Tell me, my dear son, how this face with beautiful eyes has been deprived of its light, and has become like a sky, from which the setting of the moon has taken its splendour. Consumed by the grief which the loss of thine eyes causes me, my body perishes like a forest devoured by the lightning

launched by the Nâgas.' Then Kunâla threw himself at the feet of his father. 'Oh King! we should not thus lament what is passed. Have you not heard the words of the Solitary, that the Djinas themselves, and the Pratyeka Budhas cannot escape the inevitable influence of works? They receive, like ordinary men, the fruit of their bad actions. I have committed in a former existence some fault, and under the influence of this fault I have been born again in this world. Those eyes have been the cause of my misfortune.'

"But Açôka, unsatisfied, continued his inquiries, till he learnt that the crime was the work of the Queen Tichyarakchita, whom he condemned to death. But the magnanimous Kunâla, full of compassion, having heard these words, said to his father,—'It will not be honourable for thee to put Tichyarakchita to death: act conformably to honour, and kill not a woman. There is no reward superior to that of kindness. Patience has been celebrated by the Sugata.' Then throwing himself at the feet of the King, the Prince made his father hear these truthful words:—

"'Oh king, I feel no grief, and in spite of this cruel treatment I feel no anger. My heart feels only kindness for my mother, who has ordered my eyes to be torn out. According as I speak the truth, may my eyes appear as they were before.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when his eyes appeared with their first brightness. However, the angry King threw the Queen into a place of torture, where she perished by fire, and he massacred the inhabitants of Takchacilâ. The Religious, who felt some doubts, asked the Sthavira Upagupta, who solves all doubts,—'What action has Kunâla committed to have his eyes torn out?' The Sthavira replied,—'Formerly, in times past, there lived at Benares a certain hunter, who went in the Himavat and there killed wild animals. One day when he went to the mountain he surprised, at the bottom of a cavern, 500 gazelles assembled together; and he reflected, that if he killed them he would be embarrassed with all that food, therefore, he tore out their eyes, that they might not escape him. This hunter was Kunâla. For this action he suffered the pangs of Hell for several hundreds of thousands of years. Then to expiate the rest of his fault, he had his eyes torn out, in 500 existences as man.'

"'But what action has he done to merit to be re-born in a family of rank—to have an agreeable exterior, and to know the truth?' 'Formerly, when the life of men was 44,000 years, there appeared in the Earth a perfect Budha, Krakutchbanda: his tomb being destroyed, Kunâla, then a master-artizan, rebuilt it, and placed a statue of the Budha, of the size of life, saying—"May I render myself agreeable to a master like Krakutchbanda, may I never be disagreeable to him!" As a recompense for rebuilding the monument, he was born in an illustrious family; for making the

statue he had an agreeable exterior; by the prayer he obtained the favour of Gótama Budha.'"—*Burnouf, Introduction, &c., p. 408—414.*

The Story of Purna, a slave, who became the chief of the Merchants, and afterwards giving up his wealth became a devotee under the immediate guidance of Gótama, is full of interest, as portraying the manners of the times. The following description of a Hindoo infant will be interesting:—

"The boy was beautiful, agreeable to look upon, ravishing, having a white complexion, and skin the colour of gold; his head had the form of a parasol—his arms were long, his forehead large, his eyebrows united, his nose prominent. The day when the child was born, the enterprises and the affairs of Bhava, the master of the house, succeeded in an extraordinary manner. At the end of twenty-one days the parents celebrated in a brilliant manner the fête of his birth, and gave him the name of Purna (the accomplished). The little Purna was confided to eight nurses, who were ordered to give him particular care. As he grew up they made him learn writing, arithmetic, accounts, chiromancy, every thing which belongs to divisions, gages and deposits; the art of judging of stuffs, of lands, of precious stones, of trees, of elephants, of horses, of young slaves of both sexes—those eight objects, in a word, in the knowledge of which he became an able, learned sage, and practically experienced."

Another version of the story of the faggot:—

"However, the time arrived when Bhava began to grow weak. He then reflected,—When I am dead my children will divide; I must find some means to prevent this. He said to them—'My children, bring me some wood.' When the wood was brought—'Set fire to it,' said he; and they set fire to it. He then said—'Separate the sticks.' When they were separated the fire went out. Bhava said to them immediately—'Do you understand, my children?' 'Yes, dear father, we do understand.' Bhava immediately recited this stanza:—

"'It is when they are put together that pieces of wood burn: so, also, the union of brothers makes their strength; in separation men also perish.'"

Self-devotion of a Buddhist Missionary:—

"Purna being converted to Gótama, expressed his wish to reside

in the country of the Cronaparantakas. Gótama dissuaded him, saying—"The men of Cronaparanta are violent, they are cruel, angry, furious, insolent. When they address to you wicked, gross and insolent words, when they are angry with you and abuse you, what will you think of that?" "I will say that they are certainly good and mild men, who only speak angrily against me, and do not strike me with the hand or with stones." "But if they strike you with the hand or stones, what will you say?" "I will say that they are good and mild, since they do not strike with the stick or the sword." "But if they strike with the stick or the sword, &c." "I will say that they are good and mild, since they do not take my life." "But if they take your life?" "I shall think that there are hearers of Gótama who, on account of this odious body, are tormented, covered with confusion, despised, struck with a sword, who take poison, who die by the cord, who are thrown down precipices. They are certainly good and mild men who deliver me with so little pain from this odious body." "Well, well, Purna, with the perfection of patience with which you are endowed, you are able to dwell in the country of the Cronaparantakas. Go, Purna—saved, save; arrived at the other bank, enable others to cross; consoled, console; arrived at perfect Nirwana, enable others to pass there.'"

However, we must not suppose that the spread of Buddhism was accompanied with such wars as those of Mahomet, or the bloody persecutions of the Christians. The Priests, according to Mr. Hardy, have little hostility to other systems. All violent opposition to error is against their principles. Hence the annals of Buddhism record fewer instances of persecution than those of any other creed.

We will close our quotations from these books by a number of the Buddhist Proverbs. The following are among some selected by Mr. Hardy, from a book used in the Ceylon schools:—

"As drops of water falling into a vessel gradually fill it, so are all science and instruction and riches to be found."

"Though a man be of low caste, if he have wealth he is honoured by the people of the world; but if he have no wealth, though of the race of the moon, he is despised."

"The pearls and gems which a man has collected, even from his youth, will not accompany him a single step further than the place of sepulture; but a man's actions, whether they be good or bad, will not leave him—they will follow him to futurity."

"Neither live with a bad man, nor be at enmity with him; even

as, if you take hold of glowing charcoal it will burn you; if of cold charcoal it will soil you."

"A good action done in this world will receive its reward in the next; even as the water poured at the root of a tree will be seen aloft in the fruit or the branches."

"Though the good have only a little wealth, like the water of a well it is useful to all; though the bad have much wealth, like the salt water of the sea it is useful to none."

The following are from M. Burnouf's works:—

"Bhagavat said there are five things of the Religious that one is never wearied in looking at: they are an elephant, a naga (the snake-king), a king, the ocean, and a high mountain. One is never wearied in beholding Budha who is the best of the Happy."

"Brahmah inhabits the houses where the sons reverence their fathers and mothers."

"Men enquire concerning the caste when it is a question of an invitation or a marriage, but not when it is a question of the Law; for it is virtue that makes one accomplish the Law, and the virtues do not belong to caste."

"If a man of high birth is vicious, this man is blamed in the world—how then shall not the virtues which honour the man of base extraction be honoured?"

"Behold the fear of death which could only take from you a single life, prevents you from enjoying agreeable objects made to flatter the heart because terror does not cease to trouble you. What pleasure then can the hearts of the Religious find in meats and the other objects of the senses, those who dream of the future terrors of death repeated through many hundreds of existences."

"He whose vast heart has nothing which attaches it (to earth), and whose healthy body is free from sickness, and who disposes at his own will of his own existence; he sees in the world of men a perpetual feast for himself."

"The life of man is short, oh Religious; its term is inevitable; it is necessary to practise virtue, for death is the condition of every thing which is born."

The following may be taken as the motto of the Religious:—

"Commence, go forth; apply yourself to the law of Budha; destroy the army of death as an elephant destroys a garden of roses. He who will march without distraction under the discipline of this law, escaping the birth and the revolution of the world, shall put an end to grief."

As it is one of the peculiarities of Buddhism that it represents heaven as won by contemplation (while, if we understand it correctly, Brahminism ascribes the supreme efficacy to prayer, and the Christian faith is to be shown by good works), the value which this Religion (Buddhism) possesses is principally to be found in its rules for Meditation :—

“ At the close of the day, or at the dawn, the priest is to withdraw to a suitable place, and go through five principal modes of Meditation. The First is that of kindness. May all beings be happy ; may they be free from sorrow, disease and pain. When the priest finds it difficult to exercise this meditation on an enemy, many rules are laid down to enable him to do so. When other means are ineffectual he must make a present to his enemy.”

“ The Second is the Meditation of Pity. May the poor be relieved from their indigence and receive abundance.”

“ The Third is the Meditation of Joy. May the good fortune of the prosperous never pass away ; may each one receive his own appointed reward.”

“ The Fourth Meditation is that which produces dissatisfaction, aversion, and disgust with the affairs of this life. This is the beginning of the religious life.”

“ The three reflections on the impermanency of suffering and unreality of the body, are the gates which lead to the city of Nirwana. The body exists only for a moment—it is like lightning passing through the sky ; like foam ; like a grain of salt thrown into water ; the flame in the wind ; the dew on the grass. This shows the impermanence of the body.”

“ By continual repetition of birth and death, man is subject to constant suffering ; he is like a worm in the midst of ants ; a lizard in the hollow of a bamboo, turning at both ends, &c. These are the signs connected with suffering.”

“ The body is unreal as a mirage in the sunshine, or a painted picture, or a mere machine, or food seen in a dream, or lightning dancing in the sky, or the course of an arrow shot from a bow. This is the reflection on the unreality of the body.”

“ The Fourth mode of Meditation is that in which all sentient beings are regarded alike : one is not loved nor hated more than another ; towards all there is indifference. This exercise is superior to the others ; it is the meditation of equanimity.”

This reflection seems identical with the saying of Goethe, that the wise is he to whom the lowest has risen and the highest descended. The explanations of the Nir-
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wana point also to that other saying of Goethe's, that life begins only in self-renunciation; — "I am like a servant," said Seriyut, "awaiting the command of his master, ready to obey it, whatever it may be: I await the appointed time for the cessation of existence; I have no wish to live; I have no wish to die; desire is extinct." "Es irrt das mensh so lung en strebt." Gótama, however, seems to have reached a loftier state than the German poet; since, in the Buddhist Scriptures, the state of self-renunciation is described with so much rapture. "It is," say they, "free from decay, it is not to be waited for, it is pure, tranquil, stable, free from death, its blessedness is great, it is supernatural, free from restraint, from sorrow, and the evils of existence: when that is attained, man ceases his separate life, and perishes in the fruition of his glorious toil."

In the praise we have given of this system we have meant nothing derogatory to Christianity. It is jealousy, not affection, that can see nothing good but in our own system. We believe that there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. No wonder then it shines in various quarters of the world. Even Mr. Hardy cautions his readers from condemning other religions indiscriminately; for there are principles common to all religions in a greater or less degree, without which they would not be received by mankind; and Wordsworth's wisdom must come to mind—

"Doomed as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane
Where humble sufferers bend in trust,
To win a happier hour."

We believe the deepest injury now inflicted on Christianity is by those defenders who do not understand it. It is, indeed, the highest development of man; but every mind which is born into the world has to go through the entire development of the race, from the time of creation, before it can become Christian. This we understand in Mathematics. Every child has to begin with the simplest numeration, and by degrees, painful to all, mounts

up to the calculus;—so it is in Religion. The child begins with being a Nature-Worshipper, and only at length sees the inner light which shines through all the world. Christianity, meaning by that the desire of an active career, doing the work of the Father, is peculiarly the Religion of Manhood. He who never moves, like the recluse, may never fall; but it is evident that he who runs requires a greater skill, lest he strike his foot against a stone. There are (relatively to the numbers respectively engaged in the pursuit), as few good Christians as there are good Mathematicians. We have before intimated our opinion that it takes the devotion of the flower of a man's youth, and the strength of his manhood, to enable him to understand the simple spiritual precepts. There may be some so finely touched by nature that they seem to reach spiritual excellence without an effort; but it is often the weakness, not the vigour, of the plant that makes it flower so early.

It is a proof of the wisdom of the Hindoos, that from of old they have foreseen the gradual decay of the Religion, the duration of which they maintain will be 5,000 years. They allow that it has reached the first period of its decay, since there are none now living who have attained Nirwana. The second period extends to the time when the observances of the priesthood will cease. The third to the period when the understanding of Pali, the language of the Scriptures, will cease. The fourth will continue till the priesthood ceases. The fifth will extend to the entire disappearance of the relics of Budha. The Brahmins and other beings will exclaim:—"The Religion of Budha has passed away; the glory of Budha is defiled; the commands of Budha are neglected; the fame of Budha is overshadowed." Their thoughts will be carried forward to consider how long this darkness will continue, and when Maitri Budha will appear. Thus their lives are enlightened by hope, and to them also the destruction only prepares the renovation of the world.

ART. V.—HEARTS IN MORTMAIN, AND
CORNELIA.

Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia. London: John Chapman. 1850.

THE highest effort of creative genius is the delineation of character. It is the latest success to which each form of imaginative Literature attains, and the point at which it culminates. That of England has no feature in its history which more entitles it to admiration, than the rapidity with which each branch of it has passed through the lower stages and established itself in this highest one. The love of the study of character has become deeply rooted among us, and much writing which has no obvious tendency to minister to this bent, is made interesting to us, less by the sentiments or the descriptions it contains, than by the opportunities it affords us of studying the writer's own mind and character. We require, too, as the taste has become more developed in us, to have the nicer differences discriminated—our portraits must be finished and minute. Types of classes, or even outlines of individuals, have ceased to satisfy us; we wish to have the whole man in his detail put before us, and we especially like to see him as we meet him in every-day life, and to test the accuracy of the Author by the results of our own experience and observation. Whether in this last requirement our taste has taken a direction which can be approved to the extent to which it is now indulged, may admit of question, but no one will be disposed to deny that it has taken this direction. And every form of expression which, either from its own nature or the social conditions under which it is employed, has become inadequate to answer these requisitions, will be in danger of falling out of use. It is probably to this circumstance that we must in great measure attribute the extent to which dramatic poetry has been superseded by narrative prose fiction. Dramatic poetry is the highest form of expression, and can command even the subtlest distinctions of character, but it is excluded from those shades which specially spring from the forms and habits of

our complicated modern society, and are so intimately interwoven with them that they can only be expressed through their medium, and thus render necessary an element of detailed narration. Our prose fiction, while it can be wielded with a power inferior to that of the Drama only as prose is inferior to poetry, has the advantage of commanding in this more familiar domain. It is the vital offspring of modern wants and tendencies, and closely adapted by its form to meet the requirements of what is certainly in the main an elevated taste: it has reached a high pitch of excellence, remarkable however rather for the height of its general level, than for singular instances of the greatest pre-eminence.

The book before us is evidently written by a lady; and one of the most prominent characteristics of the present position of this branch of Literature, is the great extent to which it has fallen into the hands of women. This circumstance has exercised a wide and penetrating influence over its tone and character. It may be doubted however whether it has been altogether favourable to its exercise, with full completeness of that highest function to which we began by alluding. To a certain extent it has in this respect narrowed its field; on the other hand it has rendered it elevated and refined in a high degree. To come to such writings as *Hearts in Mortmain*, and *Cornelia*, after the anxieties and roughness of our worldly struggle, is like bathing in fresh waters after the dust and heat of bodily exertion: the spirit recovers its freshness and breathes the purer æther of a higher life, and this influence is due not so much to the selection of particular characters and incidents, as to the peculiar charm of elegance and refinement which so many Englishwomen cannot help imparting to all things they have to do with. More than this they often impart. The Spirit of undefiled religion, and the highest aspects of Christian faith and filial duty, are displayed nowhere more forcibly or more touchingly than in some of our modern novels. The books before us have this highest grace, unmarred by the slightest display or affectation, but assuming the highest things as the foundation of all life and hope, with a simplicity of faith more adverse to scepticism and distrust, than the most eloquent appeal or the subtlest reasoning. If another and yet higher

instance were needed, we would name, not with praise but with veneration, the authoress of *Grantley Manor*. But these qualities, which give the noblest and most valuable charm to the works of many of our Authoresses, spring from causes which limit the range of their subject-matter, and the greatness of their power as Artists. It is true that in so far as this is the case, they are something greater than Artists or Poets, and it is to be hoped that few women would be willing to purchase the power and the insight of George Sand, at the expense of her experience and her passions, but it is not the less true that an experience the most painful and most to be deprecated for a woman, could alone acquaint her with these recesses of the human heart and those different fashions in which that heart betrays itself, which a great Poet must have the power of entering and picturing to himself at will. It is a difficult question to solve, whether a man by the force of sympathy alone, and the imagination of genius, can summon up for himself the modes of the most distorted and intense operation of all the passions and instincts, so as not only to feel them for the moment, but to be vividly conscious of the manner in which they would express themselves in the particular character of which he imagines them to form a part. We will not say that this is impossible in a man, but we are convinced that it is so in a woman. Most men, even though men of genius, are to a great degree dependent on observation, not only for the food of their imaginations, the marble of their unhewn statues, but for the particular stones with which they build up the edifices of their art. Women within a certain range are less so, but when they overstep that they become far more so. Within the circle of sentiment and feeling they are completely at home; often in that of some of the passions, and here they command with freedom, power, and subtlety; but removed from ground familiar to their feet, they become dependent on external resources, and walk by sight instead of faith, with an uncertainty proportioned to their limited vision. For the sympathies and powers of the man embrace those of the woman, and though many of his sentiments and feelings are less delicate and intense they are of the same nature,—and besides, those of a woman are habitually laid bare to him in life even in their most secluded manifesta-

tions. But there is much in a man, consisting less in particular feelings than in their modes of operation, that a woman through her sympathies can never touch, and to depict which she is driven to the results of an experience for which her habits and opportunities little fit her. If in a book the complete and faithful portrait of a woman is drawn, and a vital character unfolded through all its profound mysteries and evanescent manifestations, the work may still be that of a man; but if a man's character be so drawn, it is all but conclusive against its having a woman for its author. *Jane Eyre* was the writing of a woman, and this should have been betrayed to a thoughtful reader, for no man with the capacity of delineating so truthfully and with so informed a sympathy, the life-like image of the heroine, would have presented us with such harsh and defective creations as Rochester and St. John, which notwithstanding the force and graphic power displayed in them, can no more be accepted as complete men than the worn and mutilated fragments in the Elgin Gallery can be looked on as the actual forms of Greeks and heroes. It was the *sort of men* who were drawn in Currer Bell's books that led us astray, and the boldness with which they were described. Rochester indeed may well be in great measure the work of a woman's *imagination*, but the author of some of the Bell school of novels must have enjoyed more opportunities of observation among a particular set of men's characters than most women, and has certainly shown more courage than most women in availing herself of it. This difficulty with which women have to contend in dealing with much of the character of men, has sensibly affected that class of writing to which they have so much, and so successfully, devoted themselves. They have taught us to be content in our novels, to see that part only of a man's nature displayed which consists in his sentiments and the passion of love; and when so much of a man is well done, we are apt to praise the picture and think it complete. And indeed this is so much of a man, that it gives us enough to form a distinct image of him in his home, and in the society of his mistress, but only there; and we sometimes find ourselves longing to know, what sort of a man Lord William or Edmund appears in a wider field of circumstances and in his association with other men. This

limitation to the display of only a portion of character is not to be confounded with the tendency of a less developed Literature to content itself with the description or delineation of particular sentiments, without caring to show them as parts of an individual. The general level of taste is above this, and the quickness which women possess in estimating character when they can touch it by their instincts, and the nicety and accuracy of their observation within its range, has preserved an individuality in all their portraits. Their men are rarely the mere mouthpieces of affections and feelings, but each of them possesses if not a complete yet a distinctive character of his own, often drawn with the happiest and acutest discrimination.

The peculiarities of women's power in this and in other respects have produced a conformity to its results in many of the productions of men. The comparative ease with which some resemblance to the woman's side of a man's character may be drawn, has a tendency to make authors of many men, who while they want the fine perceptions of women have neither the knowledge, the experience, nor the insight necessary to create more than imperfect and distorted images. The absence also of thought or varied reflection in the author, which is a pardonable defect in the works of women, has made us too little sensible of the growing want of it in those of men. It is a deficiency scarcely compensated by an increased facility in the art of caricature.—There is another point in which female influence has shown itself. The delicacy and even fastidiousness of expression which is natural to educated women has got to be considered so essential, that the writing of men is in danger of being marked by a false and affected refinement, the very opposite of real delicacy. This might be borne; it is at least an error on the right side; but it is not easily tolerable to see the real inward refinement and elevation of spirit which marks the writings of English women, become a fashion before it becomes a feeling, and to find authors ornamenting their works with a jappanned imitation of it, because it is sure to be a popular ingredient. How painful a medley is produced by a man who relies on great and various ability alone, to enable him to assume the tone of pure and lofty sentiment, may be seen in Sir E. L. Bulwer's novel of the Caxtons (we allude of

course to those portions not attributable to Sterne).* Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, taking this sentimental and unworldly flight, arrayed in the feathers of unaffected piety, and with a tail of genuine devotion to duty tied on behind him, reminds us of that Baronet's coachman who a few years ago was persuaded to fly from the top of the stable in a pair of wings invented by his master, and who broke his leg in learning that something more than artificial pinions were necessary to be at home in so new an element.

The two tales which are immediately under our notice display very clearly the characteristic of feminine writing to which we have been alluding. They are simply and ably written, and entitled to a high place in their class. To a peculiar and attractive grace they join considerable dramatic power, and one or two of the characters are conceived and executed with real genius. It is worthy of remark too, and promising for future effort, that with perhaps one exception the most prominent characters in each story, and those with which the greatest pains have been taken, are those which are the most successfully and ably drawn. These however are the characters of women, and the men for the most part are to a certain extent shadows and incomplete; and if one or two features be brought prominently forward and forcibly expressed, still the whole like a dark lanthorn shines only on one side. Yet if some of the portraits have the necessary incompleteness of a woman's handling, the whole book is marked with her peculiar excellences in their highest form, and is undefaced by carelessness or any strained effort after display. Not its least charm is a certain happy temperament which pervades it throughout. All books have an atmosphere of their own, a certain inexplicable influence arising from the spirit in which they were composed. Some exhale mephitic vapours, others an intoxicating gas. It is the carbonic acid emanating from them that makes us go so dead asleep over some books, and the oxygen in others, which hurries the animal spirits and fans the vital flame; a few live in a clear

* This work appears to be the joint production of Sir E. L. Bulwer and the younger Mr. Shandy. The latter gentleman has contributed some valuable hints from his own memoirs, which he published in a desultory form some years ago.

and cheerful air like that of the mountains, and confer a benefit on the reader, apart from any substantial food that the body of the work conveys to his mind. And of this rare class is the book before us. The author treads with so light and firm a footstep through all the scenes of error and misery and sin, that she never once sullies her feet in the Slough of Despond, but leads the struggling children of her imagination through their sufferings and perplexities and fears, watching over them with serene confidence and undisturbed faith, nor can bear to lose even one, but lands them all safe on the shore of a renovated life, or wraps them in penitential garments before they pass through the Gates of the City of Life.

The first story is at once perhaps the better and worse of the two. The title indicates the foundation of its interest: but though we say this so boldly, we must in candour confess that at first the name puzzled us. We applied however to a friendly lawyer, and after some little difficulty in satisfying him that it was a literary and not a professional question, he furnished us with a satisfactory explanation. Lands it seems were formerly said to be in Mortmain (dead-hand) when they fell into the hands of an Ecclesiastical Corporation (the members of which were held to be civilly dead), and thus became tied up from alienation. So this story turns on the misery that arises from tying up a heart in the disposal of its affections by a death-bed promise. Ethel and Edward are cousins, and have been brought up together as brother and sister in the house of the father of Ethel. He on his death-bed requires from the young girl her solemn promise never to marry her cousin. It is given fearlessly in the unsuspecting innocence of a heart that has never dreamed of a nearer relation than the close fraternal one it now enjoys.

"In short, for his strength was fast failing, this darling child came in, when summoned by her mother, and nestled up to his bosom, the long locks of her bright brown hair almost hiding the premature grey which thinly clothed his head—the fine head you have so often contemplated. There she nestled, and he kissed her fondly, gazing on her for a few moments, with a look of unutterable sadness. She looked in his face, and burst into tears. 'Papa!' she cried, 'what is the matter?' 'Be calm, my child,' he said, with great self-command, 'be calm and listen to me. I feel deeply

anxious at this moment, but you can relieve me.' She brightened instantly. 'Oh, tell me how, dearest Papa!' 'Whenever I die, Ethel, it will be a comfort to you and to your mother, that you should act as I would have wished you were I near to counsel. You are growing out of childhood now, and I should expect from you steadiness in any course of duty appointed.' He paused. 'Yes, Papa,' she said, in a low, serious tone; 'say what you require of me, and I am ready to comply.' Her eyes were cast down, the tears stood on her fair young cheek. 'I ask your promise,' said her father, impressively, 'your solemn promise, that you will never marry your cousin Edward.' She started, then fixed her moist, glittering eyes on her father, and a smile lighted up her whole countenance; she knelt before him, and said, with perfect innocence and freedom, 'I promise you. Are we not brother and sister now, and always? He cannot be dearer to me than he is. I solemnly promise you that in this there shall be no change. Oh, if I could as easily relieve your anxieties always!' 'God Almighty bless you, Ethel! And now,' turning to his wife, 'kneel down beside our child, Louisa, and promise with her, that this prayer of mine shall ever be sacred to you both.' The mother was silent; she feared, and did not obey him; but Ethel, lifting up her serene bright face, and embracing her mother's knees, prayed her to comply. 'Promise him, Mamma! I have done so from my soul, and I am happy if it gives my father peace. Can we be less happy—can our Edward be less dear to us than he is? Promise him, Mamma!' So then they both knelt; and the vow was registered in the sight of God; while I—I confess it to you—with a heavy heart and presentiment of coming shadows, witnessed the affecting scene; and saw the excited sufferer sink back exhausted on his pillow."—P. 9, 10.

Edward knows nothing of this, and returns from his College Life and his travels abroad, confident not only of the affection but of the heart of his cousin, and before long he unexpectedly and passionately claims her. To Ethel it is a sudden revelation, the vision of what seems celestial joy so often discovered to the children of men, and cut off from them by the thin veil of duty. To Ethel that veil is sacred. She thus writes to Mr. Hamilton, the friend of the family and the chief narrator. To an unconcerned spectator he might perhaps appear, just a little, weak-minded; but we say this with tenderness, for he is a good man if not always a wise one, and everybody seems to have been much attached to him.

"Dear Mr. Hamilton,—Come to your child—father you are to me, come quickly—yet not till I have told you all—perhaps then you will not come at all, you will cast off for ever your wretched Ethel, you will leave her to remorse—despair! Can you? No—no—you cannot leave me, I believe that you will come—who but you, and God himself, can snatch me from this sin and sorrow? So do not leave me—read this with patience if you can. I will try to write calmly as I ought—for you must know all, but my brain is in a whirl, and the paper dances before my eyes.

"Last night—oh, our happy, happy evening!—he asked me to come this morning to the dell. I did. I went with an innocent heart. I said my prayers, I prayed to God to bless him and my mother—and you, and all who are so good to me—shall I ever pray again as I did then?—never, never, never.

"I went—he was there—I bade him good morning, I gave him his sister's kiss—that kiss, his, every morning since I was an infant—he clasped me closely to his breast, he held me there with a strong grasp—kiss me again, Ethel! again—my cousin, my love, my wife! I don't know whether I spoke; I forget, if I did, what I said—but every word of his is written on my memory with a finger of fire. My first impression was astonishment, fear. I thought he was suddenly distracted. I struggled from his arms, and said, Edward! my brother! and looked up into his face. Then, then, the tempter came—then was I first unfaithful to my sacred vow. He bent his eyes upon me, and I did not fly—he spoke, and for a moment more I listened—and in that moment I felt life change to me—all was over—hope, love, peace, gone for ever. A veil fell from my sight, all my soul was his, and his I could never be. Again, I heard his pleading voice, but I turned and fled from him. I rushed away, but not home again, I don't know where, for I recollect no more till I awoke in this room to misery and remorse. Forgive me! I am unworthy of you, of the parent I lost, unworthy of all who love me. But do not forsake me, be kind to me in my sorrow, and come.

"I can write no more. My hand trembles, and my head throbs. I long for tears to wet my cheeks, but they will not come. But I shall be better soon: when you are with me, I shall have more courage, and perhaps see some light through this thick darkness."—
—P. 43-45.

Two other characters form nearly the whole *dramatis personæ*, both well drawn and one remarkably so. The first is Eleanor Osborne, the friend of Ethel. The other, Sir Charles Herbert, is a light sketch, little more than an outline, and perhaps the author was wise to leave it there; for sometimes in the poetic, as always in the pictorial art

it is the sketch which discovers the profoundest and most individual apprehensions of the Artist. Never have we met elsewhere with so happily touched a portrait of a Christian Gentleman. The truest refinement, and the noblest generosity, a cultivated understanding, and a heart purged by trial from self-regard, yet retaining all its first warmth, make just what Richardson would have had his Sir Charles to be, and just what he necessarily failed to make him; for however strained may appear to us the requisition of physical sympathy between fat oxen and their drivers, it is quite undeniable that he who creates Gentlemen should himself be one, or at least a Lady. Sir Charles Herbert has formed a devout attachment for Ethel, and led on from diffidence to hope by Mr. Hamilton, his offer of marriage arrives just in the first agony of her trial, when her temptations and her sorrows have almost overpowered her. She accepts his offer. Nothing can justify her: and this incident, and the way it is dealt with, make the one grave error in the book. She writes to him too in a manner that indicates she has a heart at her disposal. In justice to the author we should give Ethel's own account of the feelings which actuate her:—

“At last, she pushed the letter to me, and said, in a low tone, ‘Read it.’ I did; and a more manly, simple, touching appeal, in my opinion, was never written. ‘Would you wish me to answer it for you?’ I asked, all the painfulness of the inevitable trial to him glancing across my mind. She did not answer. After a pause, I added, ‘You will tell me what you wish, or how I can assist you.’ My voice seemed to startle her; she raised herself up in bed with sudden energy. ‘Yes, yes!’ she cried; ‘write to him at once, directly, and tell him I will be his wife!’ I was thunderstruck: I could only look at her in astonishment. ‘Go,’ she continued, ‘go, my dear Mr. Hamilton; I will get up: I must not lie here if I am to live, and to do the work of life.’ ‘What do you mean, my child?—what are you thinking of?’ ‘That I must put myself out of my own power,’ she replied with decision: ‘I will become his wife, and bind myself by vows that cannot be broken.’ ‘You are wrong, Ethel,’ I said: ‘consider what you do. This is the refuge of weakness. Stand firmly, and face your dangers and temptations. Above all, do not so unjustly by another; one so noble, so trusting as this man, this good man, who offers you, with feelings like these, his heart and hand.’ ‘Oh, my God!’ she cried, clasping her hands together, ‘let me not make another heart unhappy. No, I will not

be unjust to him. Listen,—understand me; he says that there is no sacrifice he will not make for my happiness; and once his wife, there is none I will not make for his. I will be devoted,—I will try to be all a wife should be. He shall never know this sad story.’ ‘But he ought; there you are wrong, Ethel.’ ‘No,’ she answered; ‘then it were indeed out of my power to make him happy, and to work out for myself that which may in the end redeem the past. I will devote my life to a new being, to new duties, to a new home.’ ‘You overrate your power. How can a woman do all this, unless her heart is happy and at ease?’ ‘A strong will, and God’s help, can do anything,’ she said, in a low, determined tone. ‘And Edward?’ I ventured to say. ‘I shall see him,’ she replied quickly; ‘see him, or write to him soon,—to day—directly.’ She was very much excited, and I besought her to be still.”—P. 47, 48.

It is not impossible for even such a character as Ethel to make this false step, nor for a woman, under the overwhelming occupation of a high sense of duty struggling with grievous temptation, to escape that feeling of revolt with which a delicate mind starts from marriage without love. Still all must feel that it involves an untruthfulness which it needs all the faithful perseverance of Ethel’s after-life to exonerate her from, and to earn for her the peace to which she ultimately attains. Edward is kept ignorant too of all this, partly in order that her seeming desertion may render the parting easier to him, partly to save him the pain of learning that his birth is illegitimate, through a false marriage imposed on his mother. The former is the result of false generosity taking the place of entire faith in the all-powerful influence of complete truthfulness. It is a sort of slip to allow Ethel to be subject to it, nor is it worthy of her to weigh her cousin’s feelings of mortification at his unhappy origin against the sufferings of a ruined heart. He,—her desertion unexplained, and no call made upon his higher qualities, but simply to yield up his dearest happiness to what seems to him a match of expediency,—finds no barrier for the stream of his passion and his despair. And then follows the melancholy story of a fine mind and a noble character ruined by the indulgence of an uncontrolled passion. Eleanor is bent on winning him, and loves him; he recklessly marries her, and as recklessly neglects her. Over sea and land he pursues the shape of Ethel, happy only for the moments

he can enjoy her presence, but gathering from it only fuel for his flame; while she, her own peace attained, gentle, sensible, and a loyal and devoted wife, seeks in vain to restore him to duty. Eleanor, unrestrained and jealous, and hiding, from pride alone, what she suffers from her husband's coldness, falls ill and lies on the verge of death. At last the long deferred explanation is made, and for the first time Edward learns from a letter laid before him the grounds of Ethel's refusal. Then at last comes that assuaging balm of truth so long denied him. Guilty yet grievously wronged as he is, it is touching to see him kneeling at those feet which had trodden out all the happiness of his life, and asking for a forgiveness which in many respects he should rather have been the one to grant.

"An hour afterwards, Ethel and I were in the sitting-room together, and he came in, with the letter in his hand. He did not seem to notice me; he went up to Ethel, regarded her earnestly, then knelt down at her feet, and with his head bent down, and his hands raised, he cried, 'Forgive me, Ethel, my sister, forgive me!' 'Oh, not thus, not thus, Edward! Rise from your knees—not thus to me!' 'It becomes me,' he persisted, 'it becomes me, faithless, perverse as I have been—humbled as I am—it becomes me to kneel—say only that you forgive me.' 'I do, I do,' she exclaimed, 'and may God forgive and bless you!' She kissed his brow, and he sprang to his feet. 'Not you alone, dear Edward, we have all been to blame. Sit down by me, and let us speak calmly.' 'Only one question, Ethel,' he said, 'and then no more—then I will tire your ear no more with my prayers—only one question has been burning in my heart, on my lips, for years. Ethel! did you ever love me, as I loved you?' She did not instantly reply; she passed her hand over her brow, her lips quivered; but the tone of her voice was firm, as she replied, 'I loved you always, but there were moments, ere we parted, when I felt that to become your wife would have been my highest happiness. In these feelings, I was unfaithful to my father's will, to my own promise; and by a steady and continued struggle, I was enabled to overcome them. I will not say that I did not suffer, but it resulted in peace, in more than peace—in happiness and new affections; and my first and only fresh pain, was to see that you were not governed by the same duty of self-command and patience. Believe me, that in this I lost nothing of real affection for you, anxiety for your welfare, and desire to see you happy. I have loved you and prayed for you

as my brother, and as such you are most dear to me.' 'I am answered,' he replied, with a deep-drawn sigh. 'Why did I not know of this letter before? Why should he, and you, have feared to trust me? And with regard to its conditions, it seems to me that it was a blind adherence to a promise extorted from him, or rather to a command given him, by one who, under the pressure of those sad circumstances, scarce knew what she uttered, that impelled your father to act as he did, and demand that vow from you.' 'We will not speak of that now, Edward. Let me believe that all that has been painful in our late intercourse is at an end; that we may be to each other what we were in the innocent days of our early youth.' 'Ethel,' he said, 'you shall be my guide, my guardian angel. You have opened my eyes to behold once more Virtue and Peace—peace not yet—but peace to be won. You say you pray for me—pray for me still, and most earnestly, that I may not turn again to my madness and folly. Oh, Ethel! let your spirit walk beside me on the way of life, and I shall be upheld—pure and holy being as thou art, make me like thyself!' With deep reverence, he bent before her, and would have knelt again, but she, now overwhelmed with mingled feelings, rushed to his bosom—the love of early youth, pure, passionless, yet fond, the sister's love, filled her heart—once more they were in the dell among the flowers—once more they were the world to each other—once more they mingled their tears—once more the inmost soul of each was known to the other.

"From that moment, I felt that Edward was a new man."—
P. 192-194.

He is reconciled to his wife, whose joy gives her new health, but his neglected life has burned to the socket, and in the morning his wasted form is found stretched in death upon his bed. The beauty of the story is go great, and Ethel in all other respects touched with so happy and life-giving a hand, that we feel a double jar from the discrepancy we have above noticed, and from the way in which at the end it is as it were hushed up and hurried over. Either the misery, that is, the real misery of the unrestrained and selfish passion, should have been traced to its true source, so far as anything external can be its source, in the untruthfulness of Ethel in this one instance, and she have been represented more fully sensible of her error, or some machinery should have been adopted for making this concealment a matter of necessity, not choice. It is not an insignificant compliment to the story that no reader can escape the painful feeling excited by this mistake. When the common printing-ink-people of a novel go wrong, their

aberrations, and the inconsistencies and faults occasioned in the whole work, cause us little anxiety ; but Edward and Ethel are not the ordinary lay figures of fiction, but actual creations of living beings whose errors and whose sorrows fill us with genuine anxiety.

Letters are of all forms in which a fiction can be couched the most difficult to handle, and the least satisfactory even when managed to perfection. It is almost impossible to give a dramatic interest to them : even to alter the style and rhythm of the composition requires a very rare command of expression. The author of *Hearts in Mortmain* narrates with a remarkable gracefulness and ease, but there is too similar a tone throughout the letters, and the course of the narrative runs better when it falls uninterruptedly into the hands of Mr. Hamilton. The old gentleman displays occasionally a quiet humour that is well in place and keeping.

The second story we must despatch more briefly.—The incidents are much more various, and the whole idea a very happy one. It would have borne and been improved by executing at greater length ; the same materials used to more advantage would have made a novel of higher pretensions and at the same time of greater real value. Its defect is a certain want of fusion : it conveys the impression of agglomerated portions rather than of one whole, composed of necessary and subordinated parts. There is wanting that quality of completeness, the presence of which affords one of the highest pleasures we derive from the contemplation of a work of Art. Nothing can be more mistaken than an idea too prevalent among modern artists, and which shows itself in painting as well as writing, that it is sufficient to make transcripts of portions of Nature and human Life as they offer themselves to our experience, and that the absence of this wholeness in the scenes that the external creation presents to us, is a sufficient excuse, nay an authority for its absence in the world of Art. If we saw the whole great Universe, and had capacity to embrace its scope, we should see that no blight on the thorn, no sudden shipwreck in the calm sea, no infant breath once drawn to be silently surrendered, but possessed its exact and appropriate place, and proportioned importance, any change in which would have gone

to mar the symmetry of the whole vast design. But the human work is itself a whole, and cannot be pardoned for having the distorted proportions of a fragment. In *Cornelia* we have half a dozen separate interests soliciting and by the power of the author commanding our attention, so that we suffer from a constant distraction of our sympathy and expectations. Mrs. Stanford's history and that of *Cornelia* occupy positions too equal and independent; they run like parallel lines, united only at the end; and it is impossible to say which is that main interest around which all the rest should circle, and to the elucidation and enforcement of which everything should be made subservient. Again, the individual portraits want perspective; many of them stand together in the front of the picture, and challenge an equal attention. The highest instance of what may be called the artistic subordination of parts is to be found, where it might most naturally be looked for, in the greatest works of Shakespere. It is a curious and for the critic a most valuable study, to see how, as the characters recede from the centre of interest, they are drawn in fainter and less distinguishing colours, yet by a magical power retain individual characteristics.—There are instances too in *Cornelia*, of the introduction of unnecessary matter not moulded into the design of the work. This is a common error, and especially in first efforts, from which the author is apt to think he must leave out no good thing that he happens to have by him. Among these supernumeraries in the present story, are, not the incident of relieving Felice, for that might have been made strictly subordinate and assistant, but her history, coupled with the accident of the party on their return, of falling in with her brother, making altogether a little plot neither complete in itself nor subsidiary to the principal one. Another is the story of a haunted Chapel in Mrs. Stanford's description of her English home. Such defects may be considered trifling blemishes, but they are worth avoiding by an author who has the capacity to be a real artist, and is not disposed to be content with producing only what is sufficiently finished to earn profit and some popular applause.

The beauties of *Cornelia* less need any pointing hand. An imagination pervaded by the most refined feeling of

beauty has rarely presented a more moving spectacle than is afforded by the venerable and noble figure of Mrs. Stanford, bearing grief and blindness with patient serenity and dignity, and soothing with music the desolation of a heart the vigour and intense warmth of whose affections are unabated by physical decay. How charming is the contrast between this stedfast and enduring disposition, once heated, slow to cool, and the fresh, early, morning-like nature and impetuous impulses of the young Cornelia; between the broad powerful emotions which garner up the whole past, the tares with the wheat, refusing to relax the grasp upon even resentment, but striving to make it a part of love, and the quick passionate throbs of a single unchastened sorrow. Cornelia's is one of those independent elastic dispositions, in which, though there is often a real depth of feeling that is to be weighed against a deficiency of softness, it displays itself so little in ordinary every-day intercourse, that we are apt to think it absent altogether; and such characters are among the most difficult to make engaging to our sympathies in fiction. It was a happy operation of the instinct of genius, to introduce us in the first instance to such a character, through the influence on it of a deep and passionate attachment, the affection of a child changed by death into the anguish of a loving woman.

The most remarkable and original feature, one that might be said perhaps to form the characteristic of the book, is the very high place given to the filial and still more to the fraternal affections, and the depth and delicacy of which they are represented as capable. It required powers in which deep feeling was joined with a very quick apprehension of the finer modes in which the affections work, to represent the warm interest and close sympathy between Darcy and Cornelia—to paint mutual love and confidence between the unknown sister and brother, and yet with so just and delicate a touch, that we are from the beginning free from any apprehension of what would have been of all things the most unendurable—the springing up between them of the relation of lovers. And this is done even without having recourse to the external aid of representing either heart as already occupied with an attachment. Let us cite the passage where each of the two,

long sensible of, and keenly alive to, an isolated position, finds an object on which the longing affections have a *right* to rest. Her identity is established by Miss D'Albert and Darcy.

"'Alas!' he replied, 'I cannot rejoice for her, that she is proved to belong to those who are unworthy of her! to the sinful and the sorrowing—to a home without a hearth, a home on which no blessing has ever lighted, around which no happy and confiding love has ever clung! Cornelia, dear Cornelia, how shall I welcome thee?'

"'She will bring a blessing there. Only love her—cherish her as she has been loved and cherished!' and the good Miss D'Albert turned away; and hiding her face from him, wept mingled tears.

"'Love her!' murmured Darcy; 'love and cherish her! ah, only too dearly! Has not my heart yearned to her, longed for her, doted on her already? And God be thanked! yes, His great name be blessed for ever, who hath kept this love pure and undefiled!'

"He clasped his hands—he could have knelt in earnest and prayerful gratitude. Miss D'Albert, occupied with her own feelings, took no note of his—they were each, as it were, alone.

"'Spirit of my mother,' still Darcy's heart spoke on, 'now redeemed and blessed, praise Him for his great mercy! Look down upon me; upon thy children, once more to be re-united on earth, be with us ever, and witness now my true and loving acceptance of this sacred charge!'

"He was raised beyond himself, into the pure air of a holy and religious devotion; and it seemed to him that the peace of heaven met him there. * * * * * It is needless to recount all that passed that evening with Miss D'Albert and Cornelia. After they had talked long and earnestly, Cornelia, exhausted with the excitement of blended emotions, sat silent by the window. She leaned her arms on a little table, and gazed up into the evening sky, as we have described her mother ere their parting. 'Large tears that left the lashes bright,' were standing on her cheeks; her heart throbbed, the pulses of her head were swollen too, and beat heavily. 'My mother! my brother!' she said, 'and is there one I may call father?—will he own me? And oh, aunty, she who has been so good to me; she, so afflicted, so suffering, so injured, she will never love me more! To her I stand in the dark shadow of the dreadful past,—one of its terrible things—never shall I see her again, never! I know it. We must bear our lot;—I can bear anything with him, with my brother. Where is he? Will he not own me? Oh yes, he will, he will love me—he does. God has inspired our hearts already with that precious love. Let me go to him—can I? No, he should come to me!'

“‘He will come. He said he would come this evening, if he might be allowed to see you, my love. Fear nothing dear child.’

“‘I do not fear; but all seems so strange, so new!’

“Mr. Darcy came. As his footstep was heard on the stairs, Miss D’Albert glided from the room. And the brother and sister, clasped in each other’s arms, tasted the sweetness of a love for which they long had yearned in vain.

“‘My sister, my beloved, my lovely sister!’ he whispered, seating her beside him, fondly, while she held his hand in both hers, and again and again pressed it to her lips, murmuring the dear word, ‘Brother!’

“‘Bless her!’ he said, ‘bless her, heaven,—bless her, mother! Cornelia, my darling, new-found treasure, look at me with those dear eyes, tell me you are glad; let me see the face of my sister!’

“She raised her eyes and looked upon him; and a smile, beautiful as an angel’s joy, irradiated that face; and in his, too, glowed the happiness of new hope and new affections.”

And with this we will conclude our notice of an author, who, though she may not possess the passionate fervour of the highest genius, has a spirit quick to penetrate the secrets of life, and the realm of noble and tender affections, and a faculty finely discriminating and powerful, wherewith to clothe in the apprehensible flesh of the poet’s conception, more of those shadowy yet real inhabitants, who live not in earth or in sea or sky, but move with serene or troubled demeanour through the stirred imaginations and peopled memories of men.

ART. VI.—PUSEYITE NOVELS.

Amy Herbert. By a Lady. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D., Preacher at Whitehall. New Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo.

Gertrude. A Tale. Ditto, ditto.

Margaret Percival. Ditto. Fcap. 8vo.

Laneton Parsonage. A Tale for children, on the practical use of a portion of the Church Catechism. Edited by Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. New Edition, 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

The Earl's Daughter. A Tale, &c. Ditto, 2 vols. 8vo.

London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans.

THE universal and intense interest of Fiction consists in the simultaneous exhibition of the external and internal history of human life, in the display to a single glance of the inward forces, and the outward fate. The most powerful of human interests are centred on the doubtful problem how capacity and circumstance will fit, how energy and effort, and desire and merit, will correspond with the incidents upon which they fall, or briefly, in the grotesque language of Carlyle, how moral "potentialities" are realized or spoiled. Hence only the doubtful portions of life, where fates are changing, and risks are great, are fit for the subjects of fiction. Where no chances are visible, and minds are only tranquilly maturing under the same external influences, so that the meeting-line between character and circumstance follows an obvious and regular law, there is no sphere for Fiction, since our delight in it is rooted in our sympathy with those vehement hopes and fears which men direct towards a changeful fortune, in our desire to see how Providence and man reconcile the external life with the living wants and powers and merits of the soul within. Fiction alone enables us to look at once on both sides of that barrier which usually divides men's visible and invisible life, so as to fill actions with all their intended meaning (generally perceived only in their single relation to ourselves), and exhibit their various effect on the several characters portrayed.

Only the simultaneous display of these divided worlds of

act and feeling, and of their reciprocal influence in moulding human lots, arouses the universal interest of men. A mere biographic outline that should neither express nor suggest the internal history of the mind, however marvellous it may be, excites no permanent interest even in the external imagination of a child. And a history of inward thought and feeling that remains unillustrated by reference to the wants and efforts and actions of our external existence, falls lifeless and heavy, because presenting no reality to the thought. It is on the constant transition from the world within to the world without, and the gradual determination of a regular path of life skirting both at once, that human attention is fixed in interest and awe; and this, we suspect, is the reason, why the highest drama, when only *read*, is so much less popular than biographic fiction. With persons of only average imagination, it is not easy to pass from the words in which men speak themselves, to the interior world of thought and feeling conceived by the poet's mind. A dramatist makes copious use, in his delineations, of conceptions and experiences which he does not explain, and it requires something of his own power, to retrace his path, and pass from the dramatic exhibition, to the hidden world it is intended to portray. In other works of fiction, in novels and romances, this is all done ready to the hand. The author has the privilege of explaining the moral nature and moral perplexity of his hero in one page, and in the next delineating the actions which are its result. An acted drama requires even less imagination to interpret, because explaining itself in the familiar language of glance and gesture.

Now these considerations may, we think, at once explain and remove a very popular antipathy to religious novels. The province of all such fiction is to display the mutual influence of mind and circumstance in shaping our human destinies; and wherever, then, there is a double life, outward and inward, with its two distinct spheres not in harmony, but only striving to be so, there is a natural and clear field for this kind of delineative skill; and whether it be by the secret power of human or of divine affections in the soul, in their endeavour to direct and change the course of the external fate, that this double life is created, does not touch in the least its essential fitness to be a

theme for fiction. Only it requires that Religion, if that be the inward principle striving to realize itself in Life, should be exhibited as a spring of conduct, a moving force influencing external circumstance, not as a theological system, or a didactic code. The only reason that human affections, such as love, fear, resentment, ambition, are so much oftener made the centres of interest, is that these *cannot but* affect the outward career, while Faith is too often held passively like a distinct branch of science, and wholly latent as a guiding principle of life. When then, in religious fictions, the religion is entirely sundered from the history, and lies alone like the bitter kernel within the sweet shell of tempting incident, there is reason enough for general disgust. The combination is purely artificial, and deserves no better fate than that of amusing lesson-books, from which all wise children glean the fun, and drop the prose. But where, on the contrary, Religion is a motive power, changing all the aspects of thought and action, there cannot be a higher task for art than to delineate its career, as it gradually subdues or yields to the power of circumstance, until, either by strength or weakness, harmony of life with thought is reached. The existence of Religion in the soul can only be dimly and partially discerned through external conduct; and the risks or conflicts which only occasionally disturb the course of human desires and affections, must, of necessity, chequer the progress of a spiritual life; and hence, both in laying open the hidden character of a Religious mind, and in the vital importance of its interests and dangers, there is rich material for exercising the legitimate functions of creative fiction. And the only inferiority of these themes as subjects for fiction, lies in this,—that the crises they introduce, though more frequent, are seldom so well-defined and ultimate, as those which mark or close the course of human passions. The various eras of a religious life are not usually as distinct and hard in outline, or so immediately marked in their bearings on the fates of others, as the vicissitudes of ambition or of love, which form the usual themes of moral fiction; but Religion leads no hermit life of her own unmingled with these lower affections; and her claim to regulate and judge them, may be made the means of uniting the interests of spiritual conflict

with consequences affecting all the remaining spheres of life.

The tales whose titles we have placed at the head of this notice have the merit of having attempted, and in general successfully attempted, this task. While they are all of a distinctly religious cast, and there is not one whose interest turns on the common themes of the novelist; while the hopes and anxieties of the reader are all made to centre on the spiritual condition of the various characters, the effort is constantly sustained to exhibit religion as a principle of conduct in close relation to other impulses and affections, and to clothe it constantly in the external actions and circumstances of man's natural life. Of course the attempt is successful in different degrees. In the children's tales, *Amy Herbert* and *Laneton Parsonage*, the authoress has succeeded, we think, in painting the minds of children (at least of girls) with truth and beauty not often equalled;—seldom becoming didactic beyond what is agreeable to childish taste (which is not averse to serious thoughts where there is a practical case under discussion that interests their feelings), and kindling the religious sentiments without direct appeal, by blending them inseparably with human sympathies. Neither of them, especially not the latter, is without the defects to which we intend directly to refer, and which are perhaps inseparable from the ecclesiastical atmosphere of their birthplace; yet for graphic beauty and moral truth of delineation, pure sentiment, and rich experience in the secrets of children's hearts, it is vain to look for higher or more complete moral qualification. *Gertrude*, and *the Earl's Daughter*, are tales for older minds, but scarcely of less merit. The object of the former seems to be to contrast the earnest moral energy of an undisciplined heart, that works its way with effort and self-denial, yet with wear and friction to all less earnest minds around, with the quiet and winning humility and noiseless energy of a mind sustained by spiritual power, and disciplined to self-distrust. The object of the latter (*the Earl's Daughter*) is rather to contrast the influence of a saintly but severe and puritanic abstinence from worldly pleasures, with the gentle grace that can take innocent enjoyments, and yet subordinate their attractions to spiritual purposes; that at once sanctifies and fascinates

proud and worldly minds, without yielding anything of purity, or losing the joyousness of freedom. This last is, without doubt, far the most beautiful of the older tales, if not the most fascinating of all, and is less tainted by Puseyite ecclesiolatry than many of the others. Margaret Percival is the most theologico-didactic of these tales, and the only distinct failure. It is written to contrast the Anglican with the Roman Church, of course to the advantage of the former. The argument is of this kind; Required what causes can justify an individual in leaving the Anglican for the Roman Church. Answer—Sufficient proof that the Church is schismatic. Again—What are the sources for proof or disproof? Answer—Inaccessible to all but those who have a life of study to devote. When to this cruel difficulty it is asked, What then are we to do with suspicions that our Church has not the authority of divine sanction? the answer is simple—Crush them. "You are born," they say, "under spiritual authority which you have no right to disown, unless you are in a position to investigate its sources. Till you can weigh all the intricate evidence of historical authority, you must obey the guidance under which Providence has placed you: and this particular evidence is just what you never can weigh, unless you are in the position of a clergyman, devoting your whole life to such a study. All doubt arising from present internal evidence that the Church is not divine, must be put down as unworthy suspicion, till the higher question of her original divine commission has been decided in the negative—a question quite inaccessible to ordinary resources of time and thought." Thus the Church insists, first on the sin of questioning her authority from internal difficulties till one can completely inspect her credentials, and next explains how ponderous is the task, and how subordinate the duty of doing so,—forbids her children to attack her authority with any weapon but one, and then laments that the use of that one is for the most part beyond their skill. They may doubt if they please, but not on account of inconsistent doctrines, or gross practical abuses, only on grounds of critical learning, and antiquarian research. A cruel son may demand from the Church, if he will, the fulfilment to the very letter of that Protestant bond so carelessly given in the presump-

tuous flush of early prosperity ; he may exact his pound of flesh, in the shape of evidence, from the very region of the ecclesiastical heart ; only the permission is crippled with the caution, that no leave is given to use any means which shall spill a drop of her blood and endanger her present life. This is the kind of argument by which an English Clergyman demonstrates to his niece the impossibility that she could conscientiously regard even as an open question the possibility that her church might not be divine. It is more worthy of the logic of the reverend Editor himself, and the platform oratory of a baptismally-regenerated assembly, than of the pages of this high-minded and spiritual authoress.

“ ‘ You have but to remember that the English Church claims to be the true Church ; that her claims can only be set aside by admitting the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome ; that the fact of this supremacy is utterly beyond your own investigation, and has been again and again refuted by English Divines ; and that to adopt the opinion of any other person against theirs is a wilful turning aside from the guides whom God has appointed you to follow. And above all, Margaret, read your Bible, and pray with your Prayer-book, and keep a careful watch over a criticising, discontented spirit, and you will never become a Romanist.’ . . . There seemed still, however, to be doubts rankling in her mind, and her reply was, ‘ Doubts will come continually.’ ‘ Most certainly they will ; but I will give you two rules for dealing with them. At the moment they arise do not attempt to argue against them. Crush them as you would a sceptical or infidel doubt.’ ‘ And how ? ’ ‘ By making what I would almost call a physical effort against them. Let your first help be prayer, very short ; it can scarcely be too short if it is earnest. Afterwards, repeat verses, walk about, read, sing, do anything which shall be actual occupation for the moment. Every one knows what an incipient thought is ; in that stage it may be kept down with comparatively little effort. Then, do not trouble yourself at any time with more arguments than are necessary. Your own ignorance, the duty of remaining where God has placed you, unless you have absolute demonstration, which you never can have, that the English Church is no true Church, and the entire accordance of the Bible and the Prayer-book, will be sufficient. Try these in any way you please, they cannot be controverted ; and until they are controverted, Romanism can be nothing to you.’ ‘ I shall seem to be resisting truth,’ said Margaret. ‘ Yes, there will be your great difficulty. Sceptical thoughts you know at once to be wrong ; these on the contrary will assume the guise of truth ; but it will be

sufficient for you to remember that you will do no good by entertaining them at that exact moment. When doubts are suggested in a sudden way, the mind is incapable of reasoning upon them. Rid yourself of them for the time being, and in a different mood you will see clearly that they were temptations.'—*Margaret Percival*, vol. ii. ch. 24, p. 271.

To such mournful self-deception is a Church reduced, whose only self-acknowledged title to obedience does not lie in immediate, positive, and spiritual evidence gained in the highest moments of thought and study, and communion with Heaven,—but is so unmanageable that its very clumsiness becomes its security, enabling it to enforce submission under the intolerable alternative of examining its historical credentials. This specimen will suffice to indicate the general subject and style of *Margaret Percival*, which, though not without much of the authoress's usual ability and beauty, fails greatly in interest from its controversial and speculative turn. She has deviated from her usual plan of exhibiting Religion only in its relation to the conduct of life, and has passed into theological discussions, which spoil her fiction, while giving us fuller insight into the purposes and interior spirit of these works. For this reason we have selected it chiefly for comment, since it has both more of what is repugnant to free thought and moral earnestness, and exhibits more explicitly and systematically what it is elsewhere wished implicitly to convey. It would be impossible, and perhaps profitless, for us to review minutely and separately each of these beautiful tales, and therefore we shall only glance at those of their distinguishing features which are due to their Anglican origin, and indicate how we think that a purpose of a kind no less noble might be worked out with more effect and freedom, from a different and less confined centre of spiritual thought.

One of the special points then which it has pleased us to notice in these tales, is that their Anglican dress hangs quite loosely upon them, and is, we think, in no way essential to their beauty and interest, wherever it does not materially injure them. To those who are accustomed to regard the Puseyite movement as an advance to Romanism, this will appear strange if not incredible:—for without doubt the Roman Catholic faith is fundamentally distinct in its influences from that of Protestants, and, notwith-

standing some points of theoretic affinity in which Rome sides with us against the ultra-Calvinistic school of religion, the Romanist views of public and private duty, and of worship, differ so broadly from that of all Protestants, that it is impossible we could feel much sympathy with their representation of the discipline by which individual minds and hearts should be trained into purity and religious love. Protestants and Roman Catholics must always differ essentially in their views of education.

The Roman Church has always been a spiritual army, and, like all military organizations, has regarded her individual members rather as means of warfare than as the end of victory, disciplined them as her servants, and used them for external purposes, the extension of her empire, and the glory of her Lord. Ecclesiastical Rome, with the same military instinct as imperial Rome, has erected the cross in the place of the fallen eagles, valued it even more as a standard that would rally her troops, than as a symbol to each of neglected duty, and has gone forth conquering and to conquer, because she has prized the *influence* of holiness still more than its purity, and invented an ulterior purpose even for virtue, because her eye has wandered past the individual perfection of her children, to the visionary glory of the empire that, through them, she might attain. And hence with the quick and practised eye of habitual command, she has ever seized on the various genius and moral gifts of her children to devote them to her purposes, to guide them into the channels in which they would best magnify her power, and extend her sway. She has applied the talents of her subjects to promote her own authority, instead of using her authority so to restrain and guide those talents as might best chasten and harmonize each single mind. As is well said by the authoress of these tales, the Roman Church has rather provided a vent for all natural enthusiasm in her worship, than taught men to temper and subdue it to an inward yoke, so as to obey the slightest check from the controlling thought. Now whatever may be the leading element in the faith of those who have tarried in Anglicanism only as a stage on the way to Romanism, no one can read or study with any attention the writings of the permanent Puseyites, without seeing that they entirely retain the

leading Protestant idea, that the culture of the individual is the great end and aim of the Church. With Roman Catholics, individuals are but the insignificant stones, that go to build up the mighty structure of the Church ;—with Anglicans, the Church is only the divine guidance vouchsafed to assist the weakness and perfect the minds of individuals. And though both parties lean to the same ordinances and worship the same mysteries, it is in a totally different spirit. The one embracing them in imaginative awe as the decree of supernatural power, linking them with times remote, and delighting in the sense of the minutest obedience to an external authority so resistless, immutable, and dread ; the other adopting them with wise submission to superior knowledge, because finding in them much opportunity for self-discipline, much sustaining influence in trial, and much occasion for exercising humble acquiescence in what is ordered, even when above their understanding. The Roman Church is one of imagination and will ; drawing towards her power, enthusiasm, art, eloquence, all great and single gifts ; charming them by her majesty, and enlisting them in her cause, but often crushing private affections, and gentle graces, and individual joys, because they cannot spread her dominion and must often thwart her purpose :—the Anglican Church is one of taste and judgment ; cultivating affection, and tempering energy, and enjoining discretion, with an internal aim directed to the government and harmony of the heart, the refinement of feeling, caution in deliberation, calmness in resolve. Even while remaining in the same Church, it was impossible not to discern that the military vigour, and stern intellect, and stately, but ruled, unspontaneous imagination, and almost *voluntary* enthusiasm of Newman, were cast in a different mould from the deep habitual affections, and clinging associations, and conscious weakness, and sad aspirations, of the author of the *Christian year*. And the same external ordinances that seem to have attracted the one for their own sake, as holding out difficult duties to employ his powerful will, and as coming from a power that wielded a mystic influence over his imagination, would be sought by the other only as discipline for an unquiet heart, and as promising new force to frail resolves. It is the difference between a soldier who obeys from the instinct of obedience to those in autho-

riety, and one who should serve a campaign from the desirable opportunities it would offer for breaking down self-will. And thus it happens, that though genuine Anglicanism adopts many of the external institutions of Rome, it does not adopt them in the Romanist spirit, but takes them as the highest means of individual culture. And her high tone about Church authority being thus not a natural shoot, but only a graft upon the original stem of English Protestant Religion, it is not difficult to see how they find it impossible to work this mystical reverence for their Church into the essence of their spiritual faith, so that, insist upon it as they will, we may almost always shake it quietly off, like an external adhesion, leaving the substance of their teaching quite unmutated by the change.

Nowhere is this more strikingly seen than in the language now used so much by the Anglican agitators, in repudiating Romanizing views. Dr. Pusey, for instance, talks of the ties of early association and care that should bind them ever to the Anglican Church. This shows completely that the absolute principles of Church authority have never sunk into his heart. His mind has never been freed from the essentially Protestant idea that the value of the Church consists in her care for individuals. And the real authority he and his party practically give to her commands is obviously rooted, not in supernatural awe for her, but in the conviction that the habit of submission is a good moral discipline for them. Nevertheless though these tales, and most of the genuine Anglican writings, seem to be free from the essential spirit of Romanist education, which ever presses with a heavy hand on the individual mind, making each member feel that he exists for the Church, not the Church for him, that he is only an instrument in her hold, a single joint in the vast machine,—it cannot be denied that the habit thus encouraged of implicit submission to an external authority in all matters possibly supernatural, (a habit felt indeed to be a useful discipline in the beginning, but afterwards becoming a miserable chain on spiritual freedom,) of necessity renders the thought and cast of mind of those holding such a faith dry and unspontaneous, and even greatly blemishes the beauty of tales like these. In a feminine writer, indeed, like the present, naturally glowing with sentiment, we find it less

oppressive; but let any one attempt to read the current theology of the Anglican party, nowhere relieved by the enthusiastic devotion and imaginative awe of the Romanist for the mighty mother he obeys, nor penetrated by the urgent spiritual emotions of evangelical faith, constantly schooled into dry submission to what is "ordered" by the calm decisions of judgment, without either inward impulse in the act, or the delight of self-devotion to a power both dreaded and adored,—and he will feel how weary, how galling a restraint the minds must wear, that are thus constantly teaching themselves to act soberly from a confident computation of "the safest," to obey habitually without the sanction of any divine voice within, to undergo all the friction of deliberation in the highest matters of faith; in short, to strain the will by everlasting submissions that are neither asked by conscience, nor prompted by love.

And this remark brings us to what must be regarded, we think, as the characteristic fault of these tales, and of all, indeed, of a similar nature, that should be true to their origin and purpose. Though we do not think that Puseyism with all its mystical church-worship has ever been so far vitiated as to lose sight of the spiritual culture of individuals as the end and aim of the Church's existence, and believe that the Anglican Church is still conceived only as a school of duty and of love, and as having completed her work when she has fostered this spirit in her members, still it has been quite impossible that even with this aim, the peculiar nature of the discipline she has promoted should not have given a general tone of constraint to the whole character of her children. It is impossible for men to set up external laws in their minds with the same authority as the moral law, to attach by constant effort the notion of moral obligation to a whole series of acts that have individually no internal sanction at all, without straining the springs of moral action, and rendering morbid and confused the whole tone of inward thought. And when, by a severe self-discipline, men succeed in raising to the rank of moral obligations the commands for specified seasons of fast and prayer, and all the petty ordinances of a ritual Church which try to supersede the free exercise of men's discretionary judgment, and oppress the mind with a constant sense of violated duty, it destroys all the

natural health and ease of spontaneous life, and tends to change the flowing grace of Christian movement, into the painful and doubtful step of one who treads his way among snares and pitfalls. As if to relieve us from the weariness of obedience to an external law that gives us no distinct warning in each case on which we may chance to come, God gives us his sanctions and suggestions, one by one; for each separate sin a separate warning—for each act of holiness, a holy thought. He does not lay down rules for us, of which we are to find the applications by logic and observation, but repeats himself distinctly in each case. Now surely this shows that God does not intend for us the care of attaching the feeling of duty to whole series of actions, of which separately we should never feel the obligation, because they are ordered by a Church. And the attempt to do so can only produce that morbid state of the moral nature which so often creates fanciful duties, the same, in kind at least, as that which oppressed Dr. Johnson with a feeling that he had been guilty of a sort of sin, if he did not touch every post that he passed in his usual morning walk. Nor does the analogy so often brought forward, that a child does many things, not in themselves recommended to its conscience or judgment, from reverence and love to its parents, hold in the least in such cases as these. There, the desire is already expressed and often repeated, where it is of such a kind as not in itself to strike the child as wise or obligatory—and the general duty to satisfy and please becomes in itself the source of the obligation. But here no individual can trace for himself that God has really willed these formal duties; we know that he does not touch our hearts with any knowledge that they are His will, and the rumour that asserts it to be so is vague and faint. Exactly in the case where external evidence that such actions do please him is most needed, because in the absence of that divinest sanction which he has placed within us, all evidence most entirely fails,—and the conviction that such actions are pleasing to Him, where that is at last implanted, gives a confused and constrained tone to the whole moral nature, because tending to class the real impulses of spiritual affection and the protests of conscience, with this vague and general feeling of obedience due even on indifferent matters; in short, diminishing the

clearness of moral authority, in raising to an equality with it a new class of duties which cannot be distinctly felt, and yet are everywhere possible. The mind is thus constantly in doubt whether it has discharged all that was due, and so, by increasing the anxieties and scrupulosities of conscience, its vigour and certainty is lost.

Now this is exactly the substance of the complaint we have to make against the moral tone of these tales, (and we do not charge it on the authoress, but on her faith,) that they exhibit too much of the constraint of Religion; throw even the minds of the young into a too constant shadow; and often make a true and deep delineation of character and faults appear unreal and unhealthy, by deepening the terrors of sin, by the constant frown of obligations which are just faint enough to be slighted as phantoms when they press upon us, and just distinct enough to haunt us as spectres with their pale reproachful faces when they are dismissed to crouch in our memories, and to start drearily forth in our recollections. For an example of this, we give the following conversation between a clergyman, and his daughter who is just about to be confirmed, and who doubts her own fitness for it. Irrespective of the doctrine it contains, the state of mind delineated strikes us as distressingly oppressed and strained.

“‘It is very wicked, I know, but I long sometimes to wait another year.’

“‘Another year would not help you, my child. You would come with the same request at the end of it.’

“‘And should I never be more fit?’ said Madeline.

“‘Why seek for what God does not require?’ said Mr. Clifford. ‘When our Saviour restored the lame and the blind, did He wish them to walk and see a little before He made them quite whole?’

“‘He told them they must have faith,’ said Madeline.

“‘Yes; that is, He required a trust in His power, and a willingness to be cured. This is all He asks now of you.’

“‘I should like to be good more than anything,’ observed Madeline.

“‘And not only that, but I think you are willing to do all that may be necessary, whether agreeable or not, in order to become good,’ continued her father. ‘We must not separate these two things. A person suffering from some bodily disease, for instance,

will say he would like to be cured; but he may not like to try the remedy. He may be suffering from the toothache, and yet not agree to have the tooth extracted.'

" 'That is what I mean,' said Madeline, quickly. 'I should like to feel that I had got rid of some of the bad things, and then I should be more sure that I was willing—that I was fit for the blessings. Because you know, papa,' she added, in a faltering voice, 'I am not at all fit for the Holy Communion, and I must go to it if I am confirmed.'

" 'But, my dear Madeline,' said Mr. Clifford, 'the getting rid of these "bad things," as you term it, is to be the business of your life. Confirmation and the Holy Communion are to be your great assistants in this business. If you throw away the help, what are you to do?'

" 'I might pray and read the Bible,' said Madeline.

" 'God tells you to do something more,' replied Mr. Clifford. 'He will not accept us if we perform only half our duties.'

" 'And I must go,' said Madeline, whilst the tears which had for some time been gathering, flowed slowly down her cheeks.

" Mr. Clifford suffered her to cry silently for some moments; at length he said, 'You are frightened, dearest.'

" 'Yes, so very frightened sometimes,' said Madeline, in a broken voice; 'and, papa, I think I should be glad not to go; that shows how bad I am.'

" 'Then if I were to tell you that you should never go,' said Mr. Clifford, 'you would be contented?'

" Madeline started. 'Oh! papa! no. I could not bear it.'

" 'And God does not wish you to bear it,' replied her father. 'He is willing—more willing than you can imagine—to receive you; to love you, and bless you, and make you happy. He asks for no fitness except that which you have yourself just this moment acknowledged. You may go to your Confirmation, you may even kneel to receive the Holy Communion, conscious of all your faults, all your imperfections, yet with the same confidence in His love as you feel now in mine. And Madeline, my child, by and by, years hence—if it should please God to spare your life—you will see all this fully, you will be thankful and happy then, that you were not suffered to give way to doubts and scruples now. Religion will be all in all to you.'

" 'As it is to you,' said Madeline.

" A momentary shade passed over Mr. Clifford's countenance; yet it was but momentary: a quiet, bright smile followed it, and he looked in his child's face and said, 'Yes, Madeline, as it is, I trust, now, all in all—the one great joy—the one unchanging reality.' "

Now this is the kind of tone which, though not to the

same extent, seems to destroy the general truth, and disturb the finer influences of a mind writing from this school of thought. The constant self-examination inculcated, and the pressure of external laws hemming the mind in on every side, and ever driving it back upon itself to lament afresh its own weakness, tend far more to create mere dread of sin, and the feebleness of expected failure, than to produce the love and faith that sustain the mind by calling it forth from the vision of its own poverty to the inspiring image of a purer strength. Fear of sin is only the sign of awakened conscience, quiet courage is the token of a living faith. And this defect in the delineation of character is particularly hurtful in works whose effort it is to exhibit the *natural* beauty and power of Religion, by drawing into contrast the religious and irreligious life. The effect of artificial force and contortion of mind is so repulsive, that men will never believe that that is the truest faith which produces it. The whole purpose of fictions like these is lost, if they fail to represent Religion as the loftiest principle of conduct, if it appears to form only characters that are *below the highest*. The ultimate foundations of belief are shaken, as soon as a man imagines that he can conceive a higher character than that which it is the aim of his faith to generate—that he would not himself willingly become, what he believes that a total surrender of his mind to its influence would tend to make him. The origin and condition of all Faith is in reverence for the highest, and what is most able to elevate us to this, we take as our standard of what is spiritually true, obviously assuming that He who gives us our purest insight, must afford us also the means of lifting ourselves up to its purer level. And a faith is for the most part then first fervently embraced, when we see that it is that and that only by which those whom we most revere are what they are. Now it cannot be doubted that men will see something deficient in the strained and anxious life produced by a predominance of fear of sin, above the active principles of the soul. No Faith can ever be universally held that is not seen to restore the freedom of spontaneous life, while giving a new and far higher power. The theological system of the Anglican Church does not attempt this. While its morality is for the most part severely pure, its spiritual resources do not seem sufficient

to restore power and ease to the soul whose moral anxieties they awaken so deeply; and from apparently inherent feebleness in the active part of their spiritual nature, the noble moral germs of their system seem to yield only a very morbid and ghastly life. Indeed this weakness is most distinctly shown, we think, in the evident desire to throw up personal judgment in favour of external law as a guide and discipline to their own hearts. There can be surely no greater sign of a feeble and morbid nature than the satisfaction thus found in utterly ignoring one's own faculties the moment they are discovered to be diseased—immediately abdicating in favour of any external offer to guide us. Just as a sick man sometimes finds a weak delight in submitting himself scrupulously to any advice that is importunate, in placing himself absolutely at another's disposal, so the Anglicans seem to find an unhealthy comfort in prostrating sick hearts to the sway of an external law. It relieves their responsibility and yet employs their wills. It is a comfort to renounce faith in themselves, where weakness is known, and transfer it to a law that they may believe without question. They feel their submission to it as a kind of spiritual regimen for the affections, a gentle tonic to the will. There is this tone not unfrequently to be found in these volumes. It is shown for instance, in the following passage, which is introduced indeed by a profound truth, but quite misses its application:—

"Conscience," says our authoress (*Margaret Percival*, vol. ii. p. 344), "is a safe guide when it tells us what we ought not to do; but it may err fatally when it would teach us what we are to do Conscience is in each man's breast. A good man utters a hasty word, and his conscience accuses him bitterly. A bad man ruins his neighbour by slander, and his conscience is silent. Is there no law by which both shall be judged, except conscience? I would warn you earnestly, solemnly, upon this subject, because conscience is the plea upon which the most fatal crimes have been committed. God has given to man a law of perfect Holiness and Truth; if our consciences agree with that law we are safe; if they do not, the disagreement is in itself a sin, for which we shall surely be called to account, according as we have had it in our power to learn the Truth." And again—"There is one rock, and one only, on which to rest—external Truth."

It is true that Conscience is a safer guide in forbidding actions, than in suggesting them. And the reason of this is clear. Conscience is simply a selective faculty which marks for us the better and the worse among our existing tendencies and affections. Of course, then, when it tells us that any one principle is inferior to another from which we might act, it absolutely forbids the lower, but does not absolutely assert that the higher is the highest, or even high enough to produce actions which will be beneficial to the world. For instance, it may tell a man, in any case, that to think for others' pleasure is nobler than to think for his own, and the obligation becomes peremptory upon him not to prefer selfishly his own enjoyment; but it does not assert that he must consult for the enjoyment of others,—though that is the indirect consequence, if he has no higher principle in his mind,—for it might tell him that he ought to consult more for their good than for their enjoyment, and forbid a generous impulse where generosity might injure. It will reject Selfishness in favour of Compassion, but not warrant the latter unless no principle still higher could be imagined which might direct our conduct. And thus it happens that its permission is often an unsafe guide to action, though its veto is absolute, for with men of narrow moral experience there may be many unsuggested or unimagined principles of action which do not enter the mind, and whose entrance would be the immediate signal for conscience to veto one not previously rejected; and where this is even possible or likely, judgment would keep us quiet till we had learned by observation or experience, whether we had indeed got the principal data for deciding well. “A good man may utter a hasty word, and his conscience accuse him bitterly,” because the higher principle of conduct is present with him still. “A bad man ruins his neighbour by slander, and his conscience is silent;” and it is so, because in bad cases the higher principles of action are seldom even imagined as possible—and where it is so, the guilt lies not with the present but with the whole past life, whose constant sin had exiled higher affections from his soul. But why on this account we should be exhorted to give up internal, in favour of external law, is surely beyond the comprehension of any

one but an Anglican clergyman. The desire as we have said, seems to be, to lean on something that cannot give way, or turn out selfish and weak within : but to accept external Truth as surer, only because it gives relief to a mind sick with self-analysis, is merely a symptom of the disease. The only test of truth is within us, and whether its suggestion be external or internal, it alike wins its authority from its acknowledgment by our souls. The true reason of the extreme value which is set by this party on the externality of divine law seems to be an extreme reaction from the excessive self-examination which their system promotes. It is a relief no doubt to leave the world of self-deception that personal scrutiny reveals, and bow to a law absolutely outside the affections, and not exposed to their sophistry. But each of these habits tends to increase the weakness which the other causes. A too constant inquisition into the state of our hearts, haunts us with conscious self-distrust, and fills us too much with a self-recollection, in the escape from which alone we can find the highest strength. And again, the habit of looking outside us for direction, makes us doubly giddy when left to our own resources, with no rule to guide us, and no confidence in the suggestions of our own sinful heart. This is exactly the system to exaggerate the defects of balanced and yet not powerful minds : it destroys all the natural boldness of a religious heart, all the free affection that is never drowned in misgivings, nor wholly employed in scrupulously obeying rules. In the Romanist system, this defect is relieved by the enthusiasms it encourages and inspires ; even spiritual ambition gives the soul an object beyond itself that adds elasticity to its purposes, delivers it from tremblings, pours into it strength. Like Ambrose and Athanasius, the Roman Church has a will to rule, and a spirit to conquer, and personal frailties cannot subdue the souls inspired with her stern devotion to a cause of glory. But Anglicanism has cast off the fanaticism that makes Rome strong, and retained the discipline which only hearts of fire could bear : and so all her most powerful children leave her for the more awful faith of the Catholic, or the sweeter liberty of dissent.

It is a great pity that the writer who could enter into, and explain so well as in the following passage, the nice

points of the variation between moral law and moral sentiments, should be so often betrayed into the weary unspiritual common-places on the subject which are so common in the timid theology of her school. The passage we quote is one of familiar illustration, addressed to a child, and suited to children's comprehension, but is one extremely applicable to the sentimental philanthropy of maturer years, and displays fine moral discrimination:—

“ ‘ Will you tell me, whilst I am working, what you had not time to speak about yesterday? I mean, why it never does people any good to go and see others suffer merely from curiosity.’ ”

“ ‘ It not only does them no good, but it does them harm,’ replied Mrs. Herbert, ‘ and for this reason : God gives to almost every one, and especially to young people, many kind, amiable feelings, as a sort of treasure which they are carefully to keep. Now, these kind feelings, as people grow older, gradually die away as they get accustomed to the sight of suffering, and so at last they are likely to become cold and hard-hearted ; and there is only one sure way of preventing this,—by doing kind actions whenever we are blessed with kind feelings. Perhaps you would rather I should explain myself more clearly,’ added Mrs. Herbert, as Amy laid down her work and looked thoughtfully in her mother’s face. ‘ When you saw Susan Reynolds yesterday you had compassion for her, and a great wish to help her : this was the good feeling given you by God ; but supposing you had thought that, after all, it was too much trouble to work for her, you would soon have forgotten her, and the next time you saw her you would probably have pitied her less, and the next time less still ; and if you had gone on so, you might have ended in becoming perfectly cold and selfish ; but by determining to do something, you have kept up your interest ; and you will find that your kind feeling will continue and increase, not only for her, but for other persons you may see in distress.’ ”

“ ‘ But then I have heard you say, mamma, that we ought not to follow our feelings entirely.’ ”

“ ‘ No ;’ replied Mrs. Herbert ; ‘ because very often our feelings are wrong, and therefore we must have some other rule to go by, or we shall continually mistake our duties ; but when they are right they are given us by God to make those duties easy and pleasant ; and if we do not encourage them, we shall find, when we grow old, that it will be very difficult, if not almost impossible, to do right, however we may wish it.’ ”

“ ‘ Then, mamma, if we had always good feelings there would be no occasion to do anything but just what we felt inclined : how very nice that would be.’ ”

" 'There is but one way of getting these good feelings,' said Mrs. Herbert, 'and that is by doing what we know we ought, whether we like it or not; and only one way of keeping them when we have got them, by taking care always to act upon them; and if we begin when we are young, it is astonishing how easy it will soon become. I know you like an illustration, Amy, to make you remember things; so now I will give you one, to teach you the difference between feelings and duty. Feelings are like the horses which carry us quickly and easily along the road, only sometimes they stumble, and sometimes they go wrong, and now and then they will not move at all; but duty is like the coachman who guides them, and spurs them up when they are too slow, and brings them back when they go out of the way.'

" 'Thank you, mamma,' said Amy, as she ran to the window at the sound of approaching wheels; I think I shall always remember now. And here come my uncle's feelings down the lane,—beautiful grey ones; and there is duty on the coach-box driving them.'

" 'Well,' observed Mrs. Herbert, smiling, 'I hope duty will guide the feelings properly round the corner, for it is a very awkward turn.'"

There is one more point to which we would draw attention before we conclude: we mean, the influence on the imaginative interest of these tales, as works of art, caused by the ritual theology they inculcate. It might certainly seem that the mode in which this theology creates a kind of objective existence for the spiritual life, giving in its mystical institutions central points of visible importance, round which to condense the various conflicts of conscience, and the intenser emotions of the spirit, introducing frequently, in fact, a crisis and an era into the religious experience, analogous to the various focal points of circumstantial interest in ordinary narrative, would be very favourable to its imaginative influence over the reader's mind, and extend the capacities of religious fiction. Our authoress at least thinks so, we suppose, as she has made much use in some of her tales of the solemn interests attaching to the various rites of her Church, in which mystical influence is supposed to be put forth. Yet we think there is total failure in making them points of interest to the reader. All human feelings and sentiments, it is true, require, in fiction, to have an outward as well as an inward life, objects for their activity, and times when ex-

ternal events load them with satisfaction or disappointment, in order to infuse any deep interest throughout: inward hopes must be staked on external circumstances, and the order of circumstances depend on the energies exercised within. But this does not seem to be so, when spiritual life is in question. To give it also a distinct external career, seems an infringement of its nature, and is repugnant to our tastes: the reason seems to be that here, if anywhere, in the spiritual secrecy of the individual soul, should all the doubt, and risk, and trial of mere outward fate find its explanation, and lose the arbitrary character that it has to spectators from without.

Spiritual life should afford to each the special explanations that we need, of our outward lots, tell us the discipline we had needed, and point out how what seemed accidental to others, was really the divine address of Providence to our individual case of moral want. So far as our life is dependent for its moral power and purity on the framework of circumstances, it is not spiritual. And hence we feel a natural repugnance to any theology that represents God as making physical as well as moral conditions necessary for his highest spiritual aid, because it unsettles again all the faith we had learned, and introduces the arbitrary character (which it had been the object of Religion to refer to a moral purpose, hidden from worldly thought) into the very essence of Religion itself. Thus the theory of Apostolic succession, which makes divine power an heir-loom in a physical line, and represents God as committing himself to pass his holiest gifts through any unblest hands that man and circumstance may select, creates a moral puzzle where all should be pure and bright. The only explanation even of the unbending *physical* laws of creation is, surely, that some visible and certain order is necessary for the discipline of men's responsibility, since they must know what will be the results of their actions, in order that their principles of decision should be tested at all. But if the personal relation of the divine will to man is to be regulated by laws equally unmoral, where there is no such explanation of its necessity, since we are taught directly from within the moral quality of our actions in God's sight, we should be led to doubt the absolute supremacy of spiritual laws in the universe, and almost towards

the Pantheistic notions that God's nature is present equally in all the developments of his energy. To teach that God thus ties himself down to fixed modes of action that are independent of the contingencies of human need, and sin, and virtue, as much in spiritual influence as in physical laws, entirely confounds and identifies the moral and physical as equally divine. For this reason it seems to us that the attempt to connect the interest of these tales with the ritual eras of the Church, has something of the effect of an anti-climax, in lowering the purity and dignity of the religious faith whose history is told. We would willingly quote more from the much that is beautiful and noble in these volumes; but the best passages are so bound up with the special interests of the narrative, and so inseparable from them, that it would be difficult to do so with any justice to the authoress herself. We have neglected to notice the points in which the theology of the writer will offend the tastes of most of our readers, because they can be easily gathered from the objections of principle we have made. The kind of biographic dogmatism which positively fixes baptism as the date when the infant receives the accession of a conscience; the disposition to represent clergymen, and clergymen's wives, and clergymen's widows, as characters of a uniform and somewhat uninteresting perfection, who betray the continuance of moral struggles within them only by sighs when charged with any peculiar excellence; the recommendations to young ladies to take secret opportunities of eating less and more unattractive food on fast days, and to give children half-holidays on the feasts, are things too trivial and too amusing to require distinct notice. We can only wish that, notwithstanding ecclesiastical accretions, Faith were universally and as prominently conceived as a principle of life, as a sustaining power in duty, as it is by the authoress of these tales. Were the Church, indeed, as substantially regarded as subordinate to the perfection of individual character, as it is in this writer's system of thought, the dogmatic elements which do not contribute to purify and strengthen men, would soon and insensibly drop away. We earnestly wish that the same leading view, a view in its essence Protestant, that spiritual influences mean those and those only which strengthen us for the purest life, and that moral elevation

can be attained only through spiritual influences, permeated as completely the other religious bodies of our land. Were it so, we should feel that a principle was rooted in the country which could leave us no cause for real anxiety on the score of Cardinal Wiseman's mission to our nation, and the new Papal Bull.

END OF SIXTH VOLUME.

